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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

From the Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury-street, Pimlico, S.W.

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A FAMOUS "STRAD."

THE musical world will be interested to learn that the famous Alard "Strad.," known as "Le Messie," has been purchased by Messrs. Hill and Sons, of New Bond-street. This violin, which is so perfect in condition and workmanship—it is dated 1716, and therefore belongs to the "grand" period of Stradivari's work—must be familiar to English connoisseurs, who in 1872 had abundant opportunity of studying it at the exhibition of musical instruments at South Kensington, to which it was sent by its then owner, M. Vuillaume, the well-known maker, of Paris. After the death of M. Alard it passed into the hands of his son-in-law, M. Croue, who has sold it for £2000.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Compensation Clauses

are doomed. I make that statement, not because everybody is saying so, but because there are certain hard-and-fast reasons of politics why the Government cannot carry these proposals. The one fact that the Bill has been badly received is not necessarily fatal. There is nothing so uncertain as the fate of measures in the first week or so of their existence. Some, of course, are dead from the first. You feel it in the air; you hear it as soon as you have crossed the Lobby. It is in the Lobby, in fact, where Bills are killed. It is a perfect Parliamentary slaughterhouse. The air reeks with blood—or, to change the metaphor, its atmosphere of cold and cynical calculation is deadly to tender legislative plants. Some Bills, again, are killed before they get to the Lobby. This is what happened to the Home Rule Bill. Every art of oratory, of statesmanship, of personal magic, of traditional ascendency, of exposition, of rhetoric and persuasion, was employed by the greatest Parliamentary figure of this or any other day to win the House to acceptance of the great scheme. In vain: the deadly chilling atmosphere could not be shaken off. You could see that, on the face of it, hardly a man in the House, outside the Irish members, approved the Bill. Yet, so quickly does opinion change, it is quite possible that, if the House had had three months to think about the measure, it might have modified its opinion. As it was, no sooner had the eloquent voice ceased than journalists looked at each other and said, "It's all over—this Bill will never pass!" And they were right. The first five minutes in the Lobby was enough to confirm their judgment. But there is

Another Sort of Opposition,

which is no less deadly to a Bill than an offhand rejection. That is the growth of hostile opinion outside, backed up by a conviction that the measure will not work. Then it is usually killed by amendments in Committee. Very often this happens to a Bill which was received with enthusiasm on its introduction. But *varium et mutabile semper* is a member of Parliament. In nine cases out of ten he is a mere creature of his constituents—the slave of every popular wind that blows, the bondman of his caucus or local committee. Now, this is the kind of thing that is happening to the Compensation Bill. Secretly a great many members were in favour of it—are in favour of it, for all I know—until the popular breeze began to blow against it. Since then they have found the full measure of its iniquity. Most of them on the Ministerial side will no doubt obey the party whip and support the second reading. But they will bring the whole weight of their influence to bear in private on the managers, and endeavour to secure the withdrawal or the reference of the measure to a Select Committee, probably in conjunction with Lord Randolph Churchill's Bill.

I cannot honestly think that the Bill deserves any better fate. It is

A Bad Bill.

It compensates—not the publican, the holder of the license, but the freeholder, who in four cases out of five is simply the big monopolist brewer. It opens the question of compensation without settling it. It provides for the extinction of perhaps one public-house in five hundred at the outside, with the sole result of enhancing the monopoly value of those which remain—a value enormously increased by the knowledge that public-house property is now as secure as Consols. It is, as Mr. Caine said the other night, a nest-egg—i.e. a sham egg in a sham nest, put there to make the hen lay. Now, the hen—which is, in this case, the British public—will not lay £200,000,000 golden eggs to buy out the publicans on such a sorry pretence as this Bill offers them. Therefore the temperance people are, in my opinion, quite right in resisting this measure to the utmost, quite irrespective of party.

This is one side of the question. But I should be sorry for

My Temperance Friends

to go away with the impression that the House of Commons is opposed to every form of compensation. In this column I try to give not a strong party bias, but simply the truth, as I observe it, as to political facts and tendencies. Now, I was talking to a very sensible member of Parliament, a strong Radical and opponent of this Bill, and I will give you as nearly as I can a transcript of his conversation, for it is a very good guide to the opinions of the average representative. "I am against this Bill," he said, "because in my own constituency it would simply mean the endowment of ten monopolist brewers, who have coined money in heaps already, who live in huge 'castles' or fine suburban retreats, and who have reaped their golden harvest to the very full. But I am in favour of an equitable allowance to the actual holders of licenses, based on a fund created out of high licenses, the publicans thus compensating themselves. This is the plan which is succeeding in the States, through which I travelled last year. Absolute prohibition is breaking down. It leads to no end of evasion of the law, secret drinking, and many moral evils. The high-licensing system, on the other hand, is an unquestioned success. It is reducing the number of houses by leaps and bounds—in many districts there are not ten bars where there used to be a hundred—and it is everywhere commending itself as the true solution of the drink question. At all events, it is mine."

Passing to the personal aspect of the question, I am afraid I must say that this extremely gratuitous piece of folly on the part of the Government is

Due Primarily to Mr. Goschen.

Now, Mr. Goschen is, to a certain extent for good, to a certain extent for evil, a very great power in this Government. His reputation as a statesman—somewhat exaggerated, I think—his capacity for detail, his mastery over the intricacies of finance, his standing in the City and in the European financial world, combined with the fact that Lord Salisbury is an easy-going man, absorbed in foreign politics and unable to bear the strain of prolonged exertion, have made Mr. Goschen the real leader and inspirer of Unionist policy. Mr. Goschen is a very adroit manager of men. As a diplomatist he is almost unrivalled. I heard a distinguished politician, who was no friend to him or his policy, say that he made the best special Plenipotentiary that England ever had. But as a constructive statesman he has faults. He is too absorbed in small points and detail. He looks at politics too exclusively from the City point of view, and he does not keep his eye steadily enough on the broad currents of opinion which should direct the bent and sweep of Ministerial policy. His failure on the Wheel and Van Tax has now been capped by his obstinate insistence on a scheme like this Compensation business, far too complicated, as any skilled Parliamentarian will tell you, to carry at this stage of the Session, with two other huge and much-debated measures like the Land Purchase and the Tithes Bills struggling for precedence with it. But that is like Mr. Goschen. He is *entêté*. When he decides on a policy, nothing on earth will stop him. One would have thought that the fiasco of 1888 over the Compensation clauses would have stopped any Minister of ordinary discretion from perpetrating another folly of this description. We owe the Local Taxation Bill to a very clever man's habit of occasionally going blind.

The man who has been chosen to bring the Government to its senses on this matter is very well fitted to accomplish the task.

Mr. Caine

is a "smasher" by nature. He comes of a good old Calvinistic stock; he made a fortune out of iron and mines; his name is a household name in hardy Lancashire; he is, physically and mentally, just that robust, self-reliant, brusque, and forcible type which its enemies call "philistine," and which is the modern survival of Puritanism. He is a great lay preacher; is much devoted to his mission-hall in Kennington;

MR. W. S. CAINE, M.P.

is a born organiser; has very bad manners, but is personally kindly; is attached to Lord Hartington's leadership; has given his opponents many a rough quarter of an hour; and his heavy trampling gait and dull but powerful face give the key to the man's character and mental build. I never heard a more convincing, a more commanding speech than that in which he demolished the Compensation Bill. I think it carried universal conviction with it. It was the most powerful in that it was delivered by a staunch Unionist, who is the last man likely to change his views on Home Rule. It made Ministers look and feel mighty uncomfortable. And finally, in my opinion, it has broken the back of the Compensation scheme.

So Dear Old "Tom Potter"—

Mr. Gladstone persisted in calling him Mr. Potter, but no one would recognise him by that title—has got his guerdon for his life-service to the cause of Free Trade. I suppose there is no man in the House more popular than the white-haired old gentleman, with his kind face and pensive smile, who for years and years sat in the same corner seat below the gangway which he has left to John Bright and many a veteran dead and gone. How many times have I not seen him humming at a regular Parliamentary sun, at the head of one of the merriest and least conventional of feasts—now, alas! no more—the Cobden Club dinner! They have sometimes said that the Cobden Club has mostly promoted Free Trade by dining. Well, then it has dined so well!

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

A Great Battle Panorama,

painted by France's greatest battle-painter, the late M. De Neuville and M. Détaille, forms a fresh attraction at that delightful resort of pleasure-seekers the Crystal Palace. I had the opportunity of inspecting this new panorama picture, a colossal work of art, and of great beauty, an agreeable half-holiday on the flowery wooded slopes of Sydenham; and I can well imagine it was a labour of love on the part of the two distinguished French artists to paint the vivid realisation of an encounter which France ought to have won. I know only one English Artist who could have represented cavalry and infantry with such realistic force—Mr. R. Caton Woodville, some of whose fine battle pictures rank among the best paintings at the Chelsea Military Exhibition. With the warlike vigour of Woodville's similitude of the Grand Panorama at the Crystal Palace fresh in my mind, I may be allowed to give a portrait of

M. Edouard Detaille,

who painted this remarkable War picture in conjunction with De Neuville. Jean Baptiste Edouard Détaille was, appropriately enough, born in Paris in the revolutionary year of 1848. It was in the studio of the master Meissonier that Détaille had the opportunity of acquiring that masterly style and that knowledge of the anatomy of the human figure which have stood him so well in numerous powerful and admired battle-pictures that have given him a world-wide fame. During the Franco-German War Détaille, like other gallant and brave French artists known to me, served as Garde Mobile in Paris, and he was military secretary to General Appert during the siege. After the war he painted a splendid picture of the battle of Rezonville, and his studies on the field of battle served him well when he came to paint with his late friend De Neuville, the present great panorama of the momentous fight. As no one could be well spent in profitably studying a faithful panorama of the close of the battle of Rezonville, which preceded the encounter at Gravelotte. The encounter was a long one going on before the spectator. All you need is the rattle of the rifles and the roar of artillery to complete the illusion. While at

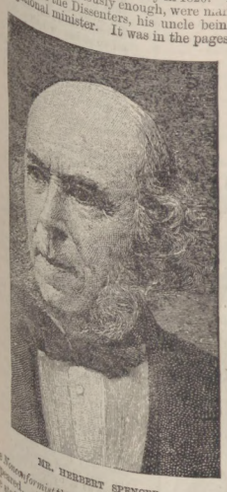
The Crystal Palace,

don't fail to take a stroll through the undulating grounds, which are, with the Palace, a veritable boon to residents in the neighbourhood, and a vast park and pleasure-garden—Volksgarten in every sense of the term—may now be seen in its best. Sweet-scented flowers and fragrant shrubberies, trees in all their May freshness, verdant lawns and slopes, flashing streams of water, delight the senses. Within the Palace

the operatic and theatrical performances are so successful that the leading companies compete for the theatre. Mrs. Langtry took over Covent Garden on the occasion of her last appearance there, and the Carl Rosa Opera Company, I am told, does similarly well there. The English collection of paintings in the Picture Gallery, for which the Crystal Palace Company awarded various handsome prizes, abounds in admirable works, grace to the care taken by Mr. Henshaw and many experienced Art Superintendent. I have marked down in my catalogue for pictures deserving commendation, but have only space to heartily commend the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery as the place to pick up a good painting cheaply. With the resumption of Firework Displays, for which the Brocks are ever devising new wonders, and with fresh attractions each season, it will be admitted that Mr. Henshaw has framed an excellent Spring programme for the Crystal Palace, which is endeared to the memories of most Londoners.

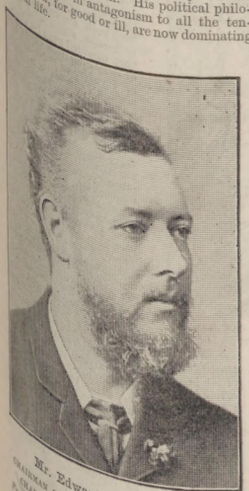
A Veteran Philosopher.

I note that one of the greatest philosophers of our age recently reached his seventieth year. Mr. Herbert Spencer was born at Derby in 1820. His family connections, curiously enough, were mainly connected with the Dissenters, his uncle being a Congregational minister. It was in the pages of



MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

the *Westminster Review* that his first philosophical efforts appeared. A few years later, in 1851, he joined the staff of the *Westminster Review*, and became the friend and associate of George Eliot and Henry Lewes. In the interval he had published a number of important works, many of them, like his "Principles of Psychology," "First Principles," and "Study of Sociology" of value only to well trained for philosophical speculation, like his "Education," of very great interest to all concerned with the intellectual movement of the time. But, after all, it is Spencer's great story to have placed psychology and social science on a scientific basis, in harmony with the principles of Darwin. His political philosophy, however, is in antagonism to all the tendencies which, for good or ill, are now dominating



MR. EDWARD E. PEACOCK,

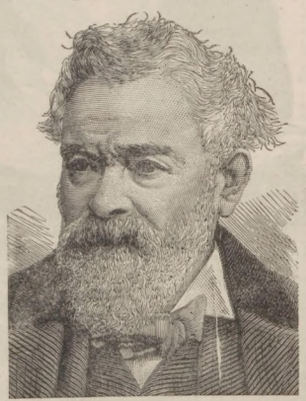
CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON BRANCH OF THE CHARTERED INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

From a Photograph by Lombardi, 13, Pall Mall East

Of the most estimable of London Pressmen, Mr. Edward Peacock well merits a niche in our Journalistic Gallery. In him we have a rare combination of geniality, genuine worth, and common-sense. He is at once a practical journalist and a persuasive writer, commencing his journalistic career on the *Walsall Observer*, he came to London and secured an appointment in the Gallery of the House of Commons at the age of nineteen. Mr. Peacock did yeoman service on the *Globe*, first as reporter and then as sub-editor, and may be fairly regarded as one of the pioneers of the lively "up to date" style of evening journalism now in vogue. He next joined the permanent staff of Sir Algernon Borthwick's remarkably successful paper the *Morning Post*, and in '69 became the Summary-writer and chief of the *Post's* Parliamentary reporting corps. Having had the privilege myself of taking part with him in the foundation of the London Press Club (of which he was chosen President in '87), I can personally vouch for the heartiness of Mr. Peacock's work on behalf of his brother journalists, whom he has untiringly laboured, with many comrades, to organise into a guild. Mr. Peacock has been one of the foremost workers on the National Association of Journalists (now the Chartered Institute of Journalists); and I beg to congratulate the London branch of this institute on having secured Mr. Peacock as its urbane chairman in succession to Mr. Edward Lawson, who also deserves the best thanks of newspapermen, along with Mr. R. T. Reid, M.P., and Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., for services rendered to the institute.

M. Victorien Sardou.

The performance of M. Sardou's masterpiece, "Theodora," in English at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford-street, is an interesting event, and reminds me of the wide acceptance of M. Sardou's plays in England and the United States as well as in France. Born in Paris, Sept. 7, 1831, the son of a teacher, Sardou spent his early years as a medical student, but gave up that profession for literature, writing all sorts of articles and sending plays to most of the theatres, only to be refused. From 1850 to 1860 his life was a desperate struggle, and his first comedy, produced at the Odéon April 1, 1854, and called "Le Taverne des Étudiants," was a failure. Four years later, still as poor as ever, Sardou married Mdlle. De Brécourt, a young lady who was intimate with the celebrated actress Mdlle. Déjazet. At her house he met Vanderbuch, a dramatic author, and was induced to collaborate with him. The play was the "Premières Armes de Figaro," and Mdlle. Déjazet played in it in 1859 with great success. Having broken the dramatic ice, Sardou produced many other plays, and two of them were brilliantly successful—"Pattes de Mouche" and "Nos Intimes," the former being played in London with great success as "The Scrap of Paper." M. Sardou has had many reverses of fortune. During the reign of the Commune, his exquisite villa on the banks of the Seine was plundered and burnt. The dramatist did not forget, in "Rabagas," to denounce mob rule severely. He is wonderfully gifted in treating topics of the day on the stage, as, for example, in the comedy "Divorçons."



Edwin Waugh.

Lancashire has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Edwin Waugh. Since the death of Robert Burns we have had no such dialect poets as Waugh and Barnes. Of course, neither Waugh nor Barnes was a Burns, but they both were able to put into agreeable verse the thoughts and feelings of the community in which they lived. Waugh was born in 1817, at Rochdale, where his father was a shoemaker. His mother's love and devotion procured him a fair education, and he was apprenticed to the printing trade. Very early in life he became a contributor to the *Manchester Weekly Times*. In 1856 appeared his far-famed lyric "Come whoam to thi childer an' me." Some twelve volumes make up the collected works of the Lancashire Laureate.

Mr. Ben Davies,

one of our sweetest English tenors, and a lyric artist of deservedly increasing popularity, added to his high reputation on Wednesday by his performance of Faust at the extra matinée of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The favourite tenor to-night takes part in the final performance of "The Red Hussar" at the Lyric. I understand he resists Mr. Sedger's tempting offer, and has arranged to appear in the new Sullivan English Opera with which Mr. D'Oyley Carte will open his grand new Opera-house in Shaftesbury-avenue. While on matters operatic, I may mention that Señor Lago is in town, and wish Good Luck to Madame Marie Roze's grand benefit concert at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. THE PROMPTER.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Mr. William Terriss.

From a Photograph by Window and Grove, 63a, Baker-street.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, as Drury-Lane is designated, not without cause, has gratified the lovers of music with a season of Opera in English by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, beautifully put upon the stage by Mr. Augustus Harris, with the skilled assistance of Mr. Harry Brooklyn, who had the advantage of being instructed in the art of stage management by the late Carl Rosa himself. After the Opera is over, behold the doors of Drury-Lane reopened by Mr. Harris with melodrama of the fine old crusted order, which stirred pit and gallery to enthusiasm on Monday night. Mr. Harris and Mr. William Terriss joined forces to produce Mr. Steele Mackaye's "Dead Heart"-like drama of "Paul Kauvar," plainly made up from the late Watts Phillips's play of the Bastille, lately magnificently mounted at the Lyceum by Mr. Irving. I own I like Mr. Terriss, with his dashing, manly style of acting, but confess I should like him better if he lost himself more in his love-making scenes, and if he modulated his voice more. The virtues and vices of his histrionic method were noticeable as ever on the first night of "Paul Kauvar," which scored a success, however, for Old Drury. Paul Kauvar is a Republican leader in Paris, secretly married to the fair daughter of one of the old nobility, Diane de Beaumont. He has given father and daughter free passports to enable them to escape; but a blank warrant of arrest the villanous Marquis De Vaux had drawn from Paul is made the means of arresting Diane's father, to save whom from the gallows Paul Kauvar offers up his own life. The gallant hero escapes the guillotine, however, in the nick of time to save his wife and her father from the mob in La Vendée, where the wicked Marquis is summarily punished. Such, in brief, is the story of "Paul Kauvar," in which Miss Millward, whose powers have matured since her trip to America, carried off the acting honours. It is possibly because Mr. Terriss saw the necessity of keeping up the rattle and "go" of the piece that he was over-energetic at first. Master of a fine, clear delivery, this favourite actor is welcome back to England and melodrama. He is lucky to be powerfully supported by Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Charles Hudson, Mr. Victor Stevens, Miss Millward, and Miss Edith Bruce; and it was an interesting fact to note that a son of Mr. Terriss, under the name of Mr. Herbert Lewin, not unlike his father in face, made a creditable début as First Orderly to General Delaroche. "Paul Kauvar" has been superbly put upon the stage by Mr. Harris.

Mr. Augustus Harris next Monday night will begin the Royal Italian Opera season with spirit, having engaged the deservedly popular De Reszké brothers, and a fresh Margherita, to appear in "Faust." The season commences most auspiciously, the subscription having been unprecedentedly large, and society having rallied round Mr. Harris at Covent-Garden as enthusiastically as all other classes of music-lovers do.

Mrs. Langtry is doing well with the novel drama of "Esther Sandraz" at the St. James's; and the powerful scene in which she throws her jewels at her faithless lover's feet is nightly much applauded. "The Glass of Fashion" would be a capital successor to "Esther Sandraz," but nothing fresh will be needed yet awhile.

Mr. Charles Wyndham last Saturday night favoured us with the liveliest performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" I have ever seen—very amusing, full of life and "go" from start to finish, and, notwithstanding the "gags," just the sort of rendering Oliver Goldsmith himself would have relished, I should imagine. For, despite the old-fashioned people who pin their faith to stereotyped, dull, and slow representations of this favourite play, I hold that "She Stoops to Conquer" is essentially a farcical comedy. If it be not so, how can anyone offer a reasonable explanation of the utterly improbable position of young Marlow, the young man about town, who is made to imagine a gentleman's country house is a tavern? Mr. Wyndham has had the common-sense to see that the play *is* to all intents and purposes a farcical comedy, and has acted accordingly. The result is, to my mind, the freshest and most vivacious version of "She Stoops to Conquer" it is possible to conceive. Drop into the Criterion, and enjoy its humours. Admire the debonair and sprightly Marlow of Mr. Wyndham himself; the best Tony Lumpkin of our generation, as realised to the life by Mr. George Giddens; the most unctuous of Hardcastles in Mr. W. Blakeley; the beauteous Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville of Miss Mary Moore and Miss Eleanore Leyshon; the full-blown Mrs. Hardcastle of Miss M. A. Victor; and the excellent Hastings of Mr. W. Draycott. Well did Mr. Wyndham merit the chorus of cheers that greeted him at the close of the dear old comedy!

I see Mr. Howard Paul's benefit is announced for Tuesday next, May 20, at the Banqueting Room of St. James's Hall. A brilliant array of artists will appear, including Mrs. Alice Shaw, "La Belle Siffleuse." THESPIS.

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ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER VII.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

ALL day long the boat sailed about among the channels and over the shallow ledges of the Outer or Western Islands, whither no boat may reach save on such a day, so quiet and so calm. The visitor who comes by one boat and goes away by the next thinks he has seen this archipelago. As well stand inside a great cathedral for half an hour and then go away thinking you have seen it all. It takes many days to see these fragments of Lyonesse, and to get a true sense of the place. They sailed round the southern point of Samson, and they steered westward, leaving great Minalto on the lee, towards Mincarlo, lying like an old-fashioned sofa, high at the two ends and flat in the middle. They found a landing at the southern point, and clambered up the steep and rocky sides of the low hill. On this island there are four peaks with a down in the middle, all complete. It is like a doll's island. Everywhere in Scilly there are the same features: here a hill strewn with boulders: here a little down with fern and gorse and heath: here a bay in which the water, on such days as it can be approached, peacefully laps a smooth white beach: here dark caves and holes in which the water always, even in the calmest day of summer, grumbles and groans, and, when the least sea rises, begins to roar and bellow: in time of storm it shrieks and howls. Those who sail round these rumbling water-dungeons begin to think of sea monsters. Hidden in those recesses the awful calamary lies watching, waiting, his tentacles forty feet long stretching out in the green water, floating innocently till they touch their prey, then seizing and haling it within sight of the baleful, gleaming eyes, and within reach of the devouring mouth. In these holes, too, lie the great conger-eels: they fear nothing that swims except that calamary: and in these recesses walk about the huge crabs which devour the dead bodies of shipwrecked sailors. On the sunlit rocks one looks to see a mermaiden, with glittering scales, combing out her long fair tresses: perhaps one may unfortunately miss this beautiful sight, which is rare even in Scilly: but one cannot miss seeing the seals flopping in the water and swimming out to sea with seeming intent to cross the broad ocean. And in windy weather porpoises blow in the shallow waters of the sounds. All round the rocks at low tide hangs the long sea-weed, undisturbed since the days when they manufactured kelp, like the rank growth of a tropical creeper: at high tide it stands up erect, rocking to and fro in the wash and sway of the water like the tree-tops of the forest in the breeze. Everywhere, except in the rare places where men come and go, the wild sea-birds make their nests: the shags stand on the ledges of the highest rocks in silent rows gazing upon the water below: the sea-gulls fly, shrieking in sea-gullic rapture—there is surely no life quite so joyous as a sea-gull's: the curlews call: the herons sail across the sky: and, in spring, millions of puffins swim and dive and fly about the rocks, and lay their eggs in the hollow places of these wild and lonely islands.

These things, which one presently expects and observes without wonder in all the islands, were new to Roland when he set foot on the rugged rock of Mincarlo. He climbed up the steep sides of the rock and stood upon the top of its highest peak. He made two or three rapid sketches of rock and sea, the girl looking over his shoulder, watching curiously, for the first time in her life, the growth of a picture.

Then he stood and looked around. The great stones were piled about: the brown turf crept up their sides: where there was space to grow, the yellow branches of the fern were spread: and on all four sides lay the shining water.

"All my life," he said, "I have dreamed of islands. This is true joy, Armorel. For a permanency, Samson is better than Mincarlo, because there is more of it. But to come here sometimes—to sit on this carn while the wind whistles in your ear, and the waves are lapping against the rocks all day long and always—— Armorel, is there any other world? Are there men and women living somewhere? Is there anybody but you and me—and Peter?" he added hastily. "I don't believe in London. It is a dream. Everything is a dream but the islands and the boat and Armorel."

She was only a child, but she turned a rosy red at the compliment. Nothing but the boat and herself. She was very fond of the boat, you see, and she felt that the words conveyed a high compliment. Then they began to explore the rest of this mountainous island, which has such a variety of scenery all packed away in the small space of twelve acres. When they had walked over the whole of Mincarlo that is accessible, they returned to their landing-place, where Peter sat in the boat keeping her off, with head bent as if he was asleep.

"It must be half past twelve," said Armorel. "I am sure you are hungry. We will have dinner here."

"No better place for a picnic. Come along, Peter. Bear a hand with the basket. Here, Armorel, is a rock that will do for a table, and here is one on which we two can sit. There is a rock for you, Peter. Now. The opening of a luncheon basket is always a moment of grave anxiety. What have we got?"

"This is a rabbit-pie," said Armorel. "And this is a cake-pudding. I made it yesterday. Do you like cake-pudding? Here are bread and salt and things. Can you make your dinner off a rabbit-pie, Roland Lee?"

"A very good dinner too." The young man now understood that on Samson one uses the word dinner instead of lunch, and that supper is an excellent cold spread served at eight. "A very good dinner, Armorel. I mean to carve this. Sit down and let me see you make a good dinner."

An admirable rabbit-pie, and an excellent cake-pudding. Also, there had not been forgotten a stone jar filled with that home-brewed of which the like can no longer be found in any other spot in the British Islands. I hope one need do no more than indicate the truly appreciative havoc wrought by the young gentleman among all these good gifts and blessings.

After dinner, to lie in the sunshine and have a pipe, looking across the wide stretch of sunny water to the broken line of rocks and the blue horizon beyond, was happiness undeserved. Beside him sat the girl, anxious that he should be happy; thinking of nothing but what might best please her guest.

Then they got into the boat again, and sailed half a mile or so due north by the compass, until they came within another separate archipelago of which Mincarlo is an outlying companion.

It is the group of rocks, called the Outer or the Western Islands, lying tumbled about in the water west of Bryher and Samson. Some of them are close together, some are separated by broad channels. Here the sea is never calm: at the foot of the rocks stretch out ledges, some of them bare at low water, revealing their ugly black stone teeth: the swell of the Atlantic on the calmest days rises and falls and makes white eddies, broken water, and flying spray. Among these rocks they rowed; Peter and Roland taking the oars, while Armorel steered. They rowed round Maiden Bower, with its cluster of granite forts defying the whole strength of the Atlantic, which will want another hundred thousand years to grind them down: about and among the Black Rocks and the Seal Rocks, dark and threatening: they landed on Ilyswillig, with his peak of fifty feet, a strange wild island: they stood on the ledge of Castle Bryher and looked up at the tower of granite which rises out of the water like the round keep of a Norman castle: they hoisted sail and stood out for Scilly himself, where his twin rocks command the entrance to the islands. Scilly is of the dual number: he consists of two great mountains rising from the water sheer, precipitous, and threatening: each about eighty feet high, but with the air of eight hundred: each black and square and terrible of aspect: they are separated by a narrow channel hardly broad enough for a boat to pass through.

"One day last year," said Armorel—"it was in July, after a fortnight of fine weather—we went through this channel, Peter and I—didn't we, Peter? It was a dead calm, and at high tide."

The boy nodded his head.

The channel was now, the tide being nearly high, like a foaming torrent through which the water raced and rushed boiling into whirlpools foaming and tearing at the sides. The rapids below Niagara are not fiercer than was this channel, though the day was so fair and the sea without so quiet.

"Once," said Peter, breaking the silence, "there was a ship cast up by a wave right into the fork of the channel. She went to pieces in ten minutes, for she was held in a vice like, while the waves beat her into sticks. Some of the men got on to the north rock—what they call Cuckoo — and there they stuck till the gale abated. Then people saw nothing left of them. And these poor fellows clung to the rock, hiding under a boulder from the wind—cold, starving, wet, and miserable. And one as they thought of food and shelter and warmth again, to be taken and plunged into the cold sea there to roll about till they were drowned. dreadful tragedy!"

Having thus broken the ice, Peter proceeded to relate more stories of shipwreck, taking for his father, Justinian Tryeth, whose connection powers in this direction were unrivalled. There is a shipwreck associated with every rock of Scilly, and there are many more shipwrecks. As there are about as many rocks as Scilly as there are days in the year, the stories must take long in the telling.

Fortunately Peter did not know all. It is enough, however, that a native of Samson, and the descendant of many generations of wreckers, should be well read about wrecks. Therefore he proceeded to tell of the French frigate which came over to Scilly in the year 1798 and was very properly driven ashore by the people which owns allegiance to St. Agnes, and all her crew so that the Frenchman captured no men that day. graves, which lie in a row on St. Agnes, where the Bower he placed, I know not with what truth, to the memory of the Spaniard who first discovered the islands. an ancestor. On Minalto, too, there is a row of graves, remembered the loss of some ship or ships on her rocks many years ago. On Menavaur way from the Spanish Main was driven in broad daylight on the rocks and all to pieces in half a day, and all her crew lost. Many things, similarly cheerful, might be related. The rocks made these grey islands, with their hospitable look and the soft air that blows over the rippling waves, with the droning voice, and the long white hair which he was like the figures in the Feast, while Armorel, beautiful, smiling, and loved, was the guest of life, and love, and joy.

They sailed round these rocks and islets: they on so many: they lingered among the reefs, lost in wild, strange places, that the was fast going down when hoisted sail and steered for Grinsey Sound on their home way.

You may enter New Grinsey Sound either from the north or the south. The attempting it from the north, in ordinary days is from the narrowness so are generally capsized and quently drowned. On such days as this, however, the north passage may be attempted. On the with rocks and ledges, and the islands of Bryher and Samson. the boat sailed slowly in the breeze as it rounded into the channel spread itself out before clear. On the right hand precipitous, the cliffs rising Shipman's Head, which is really separated from the a continuation of Bryher by a narrow passage which work through it in calm weather running from the left Bay. Sound. On the left hand downs rising steeply to being a very lofty eminence in the middle of the coast all sides but one by narrow this rock stands Cromwell's a round tower, oblong, Martello Towers, but a roof, but its interior has been built a square stone since gutted. In or bastion, where they mounted guns for the of defending if by an invader, as already defended by and shallows and teeth of granite. fort a channel when tortuous and there are so many almost as if Warkworth miles inland, Coquet, had been the shores of Northumberland the invading Danes stow above the Sound been built for the There, however, the a very noble picture boat slowly rowing Sound. The sunk too low clothed it with and brought out the grey rock and yellow rock of the islands, with the castle, on whose highest point, a pyramidal island, a hundred feet high, rises out of the Sound, rose a pyramidal island, a hundred feet high, covered with seventy or eighty feet high, on whose highest point, a pyramidal island, a hundred feet high, rises out of the Sound, some of Oliver Cromwell's prisoners were confined, and, according to the voice of tradition, strong parties of soldiers always goes dead against that strong position, and all have been repulsed.

Roland, who had exhausted the language of admiration among the Outer Islands, contemplated it in silence.

"Do you not like it?" asked the girl.

"Like it?" he repeated. "Armorel! It is splendid!"

"Will you make a sketch of it?"

"I cannot. I must make a picture. I must come here day after day. There must be a boat to take it from—over there, I think."

The girl, looking over his shoulder, watched curiously, for the first time in her life, the growth of a picture.

[*Drawn by Fred. Barnard.*

Though you—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that your power
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's Table Cloths, &c., will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table Cloths, &c., have a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. HUDSON'S SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

...ach, Armorel! It is splendid, to think that the ...ortunes is to be seen so near to London, and that no ...e seems to see it!"

"Well, Dorothy," you will not be able to go away to-...ow. You must stay longer with us on Samson." ...ly could not stay. You should not ask me."

"Why should you not stay if you are happy with ...? You have only to tell us what you want." ...ked so eagerly and sincerely anxious that ...

"You are really and truly sure?" he said. ...ger. I am really and truly sure. The ...ght. I will stay a day or two longer. I will ...ake a picture of Cornwell's Castle—and the hill at ...ad of it and the water below it. I will make ...ther. Armorel; but I will keep a copy of it for ...something to remember it by."

"I should like to have the picture. But, oh! ...ould ever forget this day!" ...ithout the least touch of coquetry. Why ...ould not speak what was in her heart? Never ...had she seen a young man so brave, so gallant, ...ne who spoke so gently: nor one ...ered his face: he could not meet those trust-...innocence that lay there: he was ...ld change. A child—only ...ve self-defence. But there was no harm as ...was a child—only a child.

...down the bows ran into the fine ...ch, and their voyage ...ding-place, and their voyage ...

"A perfect day," he murmured. "A day to ...t!" How shall I thank you enough, ...n stay and have some more days like it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGERS.

This was the first of many such voyages and travels, ...ich not often in the outside waters, for the vexed ...selves are not more lashed by ...quarters of the compass than ...Scilly. They sailed from point to ...land to island, landing where they ...Armorel led, wandering for long ...the shores or on the hills. All the ...the bare rocks, are covered with down ...and bonded in every direction by rocky ...quite covered with granite boulders. ...alone in their explorations: no ...upon those downs: no visitor, ...wanders on the beaches and ...They were quite alone all the day ...breeze whistled in their ears; the ...over their heads—the cormorants hardly ...when they climbed up: ...motionless in the air above ...his place when they drew ...always day after day, they came ...upon unexpected places: strange places, ...Tresco: here is a cromlech, a logan stone, a ...not the only island which guards ...the great departed—a new view of sea ...the little rocks, where the sea-birds ...Scilly: stood upon every rock, ...hill, and searched on every island for ...ancient barrows, in the hope that ...there was a worthy person who ...chaplain to St. Martin's. He started ...intention of seeing everything. ...saw a single island properly: he ...exhaustively. He wrote a ...but he saw only half. ...person of feeble intelligence even ...shut the book, but is lured on ...something new. ...islanders themselves for few of them ...island, unless to Hugh ...Fort and where are the shops. ...the other islands they have ...Tresco, for instance, was ...Town he knew, and ...Peter did the ...Port: St. Agnes he knew, ...a wife there: he had been to ...close to the shore—the rest ...unknown as Iceland. As ...Ganilly, he saw ...always within his sight, ...them. They were ...him, and nothing ...who live in strange ...are part of their ...not, unless, like Armorel, ...are quick to feel the ...around them. Most Swiss people ...for their Alps, but here and ...gladly spend all his days high ...pines, or climbing the slope ...slow.

...did try to visit all the ...the insatiate curi-...explorer and a discoverer. He ...himself: he longed for ...found a new island. ...upon unknown seas and ...the horizon for the cloudy ...again, "give—give more ...Let us sail for yonder ...the cloud becomes a hill-...island!" Largesse for him ...There shall we find ...treasures rare, with friendly ...blooming than those of fair ...though it prove no more ...resting-place of the sea-lion; ...climb its steep sides ...while the spray flies over ...faces." In such a spirit ...(Armorel's favourite) steered his ...to shore did Roland sail among ...

...want to, Tresco, where there is the ...the world. But one should not ...more than once, because its ...houses, its cultivated and ...incongruous with the rest ...will expect to meet a gentleman ...walking across Fylingdale Moor. ...dressed a very noble and royal garden: other gardens have finer hothouses: none have a better show of flowers and trees of every kind: for variety it is like unto the botanical gardens of a tropical land: you might be standing in one of the alleys of the garden of Mauritius, or of Java, or the Cape. Here, everything grows and flourishes that will grow anywhere, except, of course, those plants which carry patriotism to an extreme and refuse absolutely to leave their native soil. You cannot go picking pepper here, nor can you strip the cinnamon-tree of its bark. But here you will see the bamboos cluster, tall and graceful: the eucalyptus here parades his naked trunk and his blue leaves: here the fern-tree lifts its circle of glory of lace and embroidery twenty feet high: the prickly pear nestles in warm corners; the aloe shoots up its tall stalk of flower and of seed: the palms stand in long rows: and every lovely plant, every sweet flower, created for the solace of man, grows abundantly, and hastens with zeal to display its blossoms: the soft air is full of perfumes, strange and familiar: it is as if Kew had taken off her glass roofs and placed all her plants and trees to face the English winter. But, then, the winter of Scilly is not the winter of Great Britain. The botanist may visit this garden many times and always find something to please him; but the ordinary traveller will go but once, and admire and come away. It is far better outside on the breezy down, where the dry fern and withered bents crack beneath your feet, and the elastic turf springs as you tread upon it. There are other things on Tresco: there is a big fresh-water lake—it would be a respectable lake even in Westmoreland—where the wild birds disport themselves: beside it ostriches roam gravely, after the manner of the bird. It is pleasant to see the creatures. There is a great cave, if you like dark damp caves: better than the cave, there is a splendid bold coast sloping steeply from the down all round the northern part of the island.

Then they walked all round St. Mary's. It is nine miles round; but if, as these young people did, you climb every headland and walk round every bay, and descend every possible place where the boulders make a ladder down to the boiling water below, it is nine hundred miles round, and, for its length, the most wonderful walk in all the world. They crossed the broad Sound to St. Agnes, and saw St. Warna's wondrous cove: they stood on the desolate Gugh and the lonely Adnet, beloved of puffins: they climbed on every one of the eastern islands, and even sailed, when they found a day calm enough to permit the voyage, among the Dogs of Scilly, and stood upon the black boulders of Rosevear and scared the astonished cormorants from wild Gorregan.

One day it rained in the morning. Then they had to stay at home, and Armorel showed the house. She took her guest into the dairy, where Chessun made the butter and scalded the cream—that rich cream which the West-country folk eat with everything. She made him stand up and help make a junket, which Devonshire people believe cannot be made outside the shadow of Dartmoor: she took him into the kitchen—the old room with its old furniture, the candlesticks and snuffers of brass, the bacon hanging to the joists, the blue china, the ancient pewter platters, the long bright spit—a kitchen of the eighteenth century. And then she took him into a room which no longer exists anywhere else save in name. It was the still-room, and on the shelves there stood the elixirs and cordials of ancient time: the currant gin to fortify the stomach on a raw morning before crossing the Road; the cherry brandy for a cold and stormy night; the elderberry wine, good mulled and spiced at Christmas-time; the blackberry wine; the home-made distilled waters—lavender water, Hungary water, Cyprus water, and the Divine Cordial itself, which takes three seasons to complete, and requires all the flowers of spring, summer, and autumn.

Then they went into the best parlour, and Armorel, opening a cupboard, took out an old sword of strange shape and with faded scabbard. On the blade there was a graven Latin legend. "This is my ancestor's sword," she said. "He was an officer in the Spanish Armada—Hernando Mureno was his name."

"You are, indeed, a Spanish lady, Armorel. Your ancestor is well known to have been the bravest and most honourable gentleman in King Philip's service."

"He remained here—he would not go home: he married, and became a Protestant."

She put back the sword in its place, and brought forth other things to show him—old-fashioned watches, old compasses, sextants, flint-and-steel pistols—all kinds of things belonging to the old days of smuggling and of piloting.

Then she opened the bookcase. It should have been filled with histories of pirates and buccaneers; but it was not: it contained a whole body of theology of the Methodist kind. Roland tossed them over impatiently. "I don't wonder," he said, "at your reading nothing if this is all you have." But he found one or two books which he set aside.

As they wandered about the islands, of course they talked. It wants but little to make a young man open his heart to a girl: only a pair of soft and sympathetic eyes, a face full of interest, and questions of admiration. Whether she tells him anything in return is quite another matter. Most young men, when they review the situation afterwards, discover that they have told everything and learned nothing. Perhaps there is nothing to learn. In a few days Armorel knew everything about her guest. He belonged to that very numerous class which hopes to earn deathless fame, and to fill the whole world with their name, by the practice of what they insist on calling Art—as if there were no other art but that of painting. He was poor: it was necessary that he should make money as well as paint, because one cannot live without money: and, although he held money-making in the customary contempt, it was necessary that he should make a good deal, because, which is often the case, his standard of comfort was pitched rather high: it included, for instance, a first-class club, good cigars, and good claret. Also, as he said, an artist should be free from sordid anxieties: Art demands an atmosphere of calm: therefore, he must have an income. This, like everything that does not exist, must be created. Man is godlike because he alone of creatures can create: he, and he alone, constantly creates things which previously did not exist—an income, honour, rank, tastes, wants, desires, necessities, habits, rules, and laws.

"How can you bear to sell your pictures?" asked the girl. "We sell our flowers, but then we grow them by the thousand. You make every picture by itself—how can you sell the beautiful things? You must want to keep them every one to look at all your life. Those that you have given to me I could never part with."

"One must live, fair friend of mine," he replied lightly. "It is my only way of making money, and without money we can do nothing. It is not the selling of his pictures that the artist dreads—that is the necessity of Art as a profession: it is the danger that no one will care about seeing them or buying them. That is much more terrible, because it means failure. Sometimes I dream that I have become old and grey, and have been working all my life, and have had no success at all, and am still unknown and despised. In Art there are thousands of such failures. I think the artist who fails is despised more than any other man. It is truly miserable to aspire so high and to fall so low. Yet who am I that I should reach the port?"

"All good painters succeed," said the girl, who had never seen a painter before or any painting save her own coloured engravings. "You are a good painter, Roland. You must succeed. You will become a great painter in everybody's estimation."

"I will take your words for an oracle," he said. "When I am melancholy, and the future looks dark, I will say, 'Thus and thus spoke Armorel.'"

The young man who is about to attempt fortune by the pursuit of Art must not consider too long the wrecks that strew the shores and float about the waters, lest he lose self-confidence. Continually these wrecks occur, and there is no insurance against them: yet continually other barques hoist sail and set forth upon their perilous voyage. It may be reckoned as a good point in this aspirant that he was not over-confident.

"Some are wrecked at the outset," he said. "Others gain a kind of success. Heavens! what a kind! To struggle all their lives for admission to the galleries, and to rejoice if once in a while a picture is sold."

"They are not the good painters," the girl of large experience again reminded him.

"Am I a good painter?" he replied humbly. "Well, one can but try to do good work, and leave to the gods the rest. There is luck in things. It is not every good man who succeeds, Armorel. To every man, however, there is allotted the highest stature possible for him to reach. Let me be contented if I grow to my full height."

"You must, Roland. You could not be contented with anything less."

"To reach one's full height, one must live for work alone. It is a hard saying, Armorel. It is a great deal harder than you can understand."

"If you love your work, and if you are happy in it"—— said the girl.

"You do not understand, child. Most men never reach their full height. You can see their pictures in the galleries—poor stunted things. It is because they live for anything rather than their work. They are pictures without a soul in them."

Now, when a young man holds forth in this strain, one or two things suggest themselves. First, one thinks that he is playing a part, putting on "side," affecting depths—in fact, enacting the part of the common Prig, who is now, methinks, less common than he was. If he is not a prig uttering insincere sentimentalities, he may be a young man who has preserved his ideals beyond the usual age by some accident. The ideals and beliefs and aspirations of young men, when they first begin the study of Art in any of its branches, are very beautiful things, and full of truths which can only, somehow, be expressed by very young men. The third explanation is that in certain circumstances, as in the companionship of a girl not belonging to society and the world—a young, innocent, and receptive girl—whose mind is ready for pure ideas, uncontaminated by earthly touch, the old enthusiasms are apt to return and the old beliefs to come back. Then such things may spring in the heart and rise to the lips as one could not think or utter in a London studio.

Sincere or not, this young man pursued his theme, making a kind of confession which Armorel could not, as yet, understand. But she remembered. Women at all ages remember tenaciously, and treasure up in their hearts, things which they may at some other time learn to understand.

"There was an old allegory, Armorel," this young man went on, "of a young man choosing his way, once for all. It is an absurd story, because every day and all day long we are pulled the other way. Sometimes it makes me tremble all over only to think of the flowery way. I know what the end would be. But yet, Armorel, what can you know or understand about the Way of Pleasure, and how men are drawn into it with ropes? My soul is sometimes sick with yearning when I think of those who run along that Way and sing and feast."

"What kind of Way is it, Roland?"

"You cannot understand, and I cannot tell you. The Way of Pleasure and the Way of Wealth. These are the two roads by which the artistic life is ruined. Yet we are dragged into them by ropes."

"You shall keep to the true path, Roland," the girl said, with glistening eyes. "Oh! how happy you will be when you have reached your full height—you will be a giant then."

He laughed, and shook his head. "Again, Armorel, I will take it from your lips—a prophecy. But you do not understand."

"No," she said. "I am very ignorant. If I cannot understand, I can remember. The Way of Pleasure and the Way of Wealth. I shall remember. We are told that we must not set our hearts upon the things of this world. I used to think that it meant being too fond of pretty frocks and ribbons. Dorcas said so once. Since you have come I see that there are many, many things that I know nothing of. If I am to be dragged to them by ropes, I do not want to know them. The Way of Pleasure and the Way of Wealth. They destroy the artistic life," she repeated, as if learning a lesson. "These ways must be ways of Sin, don't you think?" she asked, looking up with curious eyes.

Doubtless. Yet this is not quite the modern manner of regarding and speaking of the subject. And considering what an eighteenth-century and bourgeois-like manner it is, and how fond we now are of that remarkable century, one is surprised that the manner has not before now been revived. When we again tie our hair behind and assume silver-buckled shoes and white silk stockings, we shall once more adopt that manner. It was not, however, artificial with Armorel. The words fell naturally from her lips. A thing that was prejudicial to the better nature of a man must, she thought, belong to ways of Sin. Again—doubtless. But Roland did not think of it in that way, and the words startled him.

"Puritan!" he said. "But you are always right. It is the instinct of your heart always to be right. But we no longer talk that language. It is a hundred years old. In these days there is no more talk about Sin—at least, outside certain circles. There are habits, it is true, which harm an artist's eye and destroy his hand. We say that it is a pity when an artist falls into these habits. We call it a pity, Armorel, not the way of Sin. A pity—that is all. It means the same thing, I dare say, so far as the artist is concerned."

(To be continued.)

BRER RABBIT'S SNAKE STORY.

A SNOW STORY.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

A. P.I.P. ARTIST had the privilege to sketch the ceremony of unveiling the Prince Consort's statue, which formed an appropriate part of the Women's Jubilee Offering to her Majesty. It appears that Colonel Tully (so active in managing the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall) conceived the happy thought of a national subscription among the ladies of Great Britain and Ireland for this praiseworthy project. £84,500 was subscribed. £10,000 was devoted to the erection of this equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, represented, by Sir E. Boehm, in the flower of his manhood. £4000 was expended on a diamond necklace for the Queen. At Her Majesty's own request, £70,000 will go to providing nursing accommodation for the sick poor in their own homes—a most merciful dispensation, worthy the kind heart of the Queen. Prince Albert's statue has been erected on Smith's Lawn, Virginia Water, Windsor Park; and the London and South-Western and Great Western Companies took down numbers of distinguished people to witness the Queen's unveiling of the lifelike memorial of "Albert the Good" on Monday afternoon.

There was a dainty Royal pavilion facing the covered-up statue, and this was soon filled by a brilliant gathering of Royal personages. First came the Queen, walking with her stick, and smilingly acknowledging the greetings of the spectators. The King of the Belgians, tall, well-looking in his uniform, and lame, followed; then one caught sight of the Princess of Wales in a violet-velvet costume, the Prince in the uniform of the Grenadiers regiment, Prince Albert Victor in that of his Hussar regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George in their naval suits, the Duchess of Edinburgh in a costume of black and white stripes, Princess Christian in drab, the Marchioness of Lorne and Princess Beatrice in some dark dress, the Duchess of Albany in half-mourning, pleasantly looking after her little Duke, and the Duke of Connaught's children, the daughters of the Princess of Wales in the familiar dresses of fawn-coloured cloth, and the daughters of Princess Christian in a pretty shade of lavender. The Marquis of Lorne wore the Lennoxshire Highland uniform. The Commander-in-Chief was discovered under the bearskin of a guardsman. After a brief delay the Duke of Westminster, who is one of the trustees of the fund, and who wore his Yeomanry uniform, came forward, followed in the rear by the Countess of Strafford, president of the General Committee, the Marchioness of Salisbury, and the Duchess of Westminster. His Grace read a short address. To this the Queen simply replied, "I thank you very much for this beautiful offering, and I can assure you your address gives me much pleasure." A cord being now placed in her Majesty's hand, the sheeting fell down upon the granite pedestal, and Sir Edgar Boehm's replica of Baron Marochetti's equestrian statue of the Prince Consort was revealed. It is a fine piece of sculpture, and the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, and the other Princes walked round to view it from different standpoints. Her Majesty was visibly affected, and afterwards thanked Sir Edgar Boehm for his work. The unveiling of the statue was signalised by the firing of a Royal salute by the Artillery, the troops presented arms, and the bands played the "Coburg March." A number of ladies were presented, and passed in review, beginning with ladies of rank and concluding with a number of the poorer subscribers, who were present by her Majesty's express wish. One of these—Mrs. Smith—an old Shropshire woman of eighty-seven, was presented, and kindly addressed by the Queen. A full sketch of the statue appeared a fortnight ago in *The Penny Illustrated Paper*.

Waddesdon Manor, which the Queen determined to honour with a visit on Wednesday, is the beautifully situated country seat of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, an eminent member of the wealthy and benevolent Rothschild family. The Baron is the second son of the late Baron Anselm de Rothschild, of Frankfort. He was born in 1842, and in 1865 married his cousin, the youngest sister of the first Baron Rothschild. She died in 1866. He is M.P. for Aylesbury, which pleasant town bloomed into bunting in honour of the Queen's visit to Waddesdon Manor, an Engraving of which appears in another page of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*.

Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, the proprietor of the *Echo*, has decided to give £20,000 to the extension fund now being raised for the erection and endowment of the Bethnal Green Free Library. The *Echo* says: "The only conditions that Mr. Edwards attached to the gift were that the institution should be erected in some central and convenient position, and that it should remain open free to the public."

Lord Granville occupied the chair at Princes' Hall on Monday, when an address was presented to Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., Secretary of the Cobden Club. In presenting it, Mr. Gladstone alluded to the early battles for Free Trade in which Mr. Cobden took part.

Fresh disturbances, arising out of the strikes, occurred on Monday at Prague. In several large German towns a lock-out in the shoe trade is threatened, owing to strikes at several factories. A Berlin Correspondent says the workmen employed in the Prussian State mines are all to become State officials. This might well be imitated in England, everyone employed by the Government being what is called "certificated" and entitled to pension in proportion to pay, as in the higher grades of the Civil Service.

Lady Verney, wife of Sir Harry Verney, Bart., died at Claydon House, Bucks, on Sunday night. Lady Verney, who was born on April 19, 1819, was sister to Miss Florence Nightingale. Miss Nightingale, by the way, was seventy years of age on the 15th inst.

Mr. Stanley and Surgeon T. H. Parke have been invited by Lord Herschell to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Vaccination. Surgeon Parke (says the *British Medical Journal*) had vaccinated forty native bearers with his party. An epidemic of small-pox breaking out, thirty-eight of the forty passed quite unscathed, while the unvaccinated natives were dying like sheep around them; the other two, who showed imperfect marks, had slight attacks, from which they recovered unharmed. But the anti-vaccinator will perhaps ask whether the lessons of cleanliness which the natives of Stanley's party had naturally learned had not something to do with this.

Houp la! Personification of indomitable resolution, Mr. J. R. Whitley, organiser of the American and Italian Exhibitions, which drew so many thousands of Londoners to Earl's Court, is this year to present us with the open-air enchantments of the Champs Elysées on the same site, with a Café Concert, and with an animated "Wild East" performance, suggested by Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," thrown into the bargain. During the Summer London sadly needs such pleasant open-air resorts as the Military Exhibition at Chelsea and the Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court. A P.I.P. Artist dropped into the French Exhibition, and sketched the advance-guard of the Arab performers, as sketches it will be seen, one or two proposed engagements an Arab Chief, and his followers. Mr. possibly arrange with Sanger's or Hengler's furnish a company of agile horsemen, one of sent in the "Wild East" arena a cavalry the French on the Arab encampment.

A shocking crime has been committed in Liverpool, Mrs. Charlton, the wife of a clerk in Customs, having murdered her three young by cutting their throats, and attempting suicide. Mrs. Charlton, who had for some time in a desponding state of mind, on Monday was in a precarious condition.

The polling at East Bristol resulted in a victory. Sir Joseph Weston was returned majority of 2875, or 611 more than the majority in 1885, and 1139 more than the majority in 1886. Mr. Wilson, the labour candidate, polled only 602 votes, and, if these are added to Joseph Weston's, the majority over Mr. the Ministerialist candidate, was 3477.

General Von Caprivi made his maiden speech in the Berlin Reichstag as Imperial Chancellor on Monday. He accomplished his task so well that his speech was acclaimed even by those whose views on the Colonial question are opposed to his.

President and Madame Carnot dined last Monday night at the Austrian Embassy in Paris.

The officers of the Army Medical Staff last night, entertained Surgeon Parke at a present, his return from the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, in the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole. Monday evening. Next night Mr. Stanley and comrades were "received" at the Guildhall.

Mr. James Nasmyth, the well-known inventor of the steam-hammer, died at Kensington on the inst., at the age of eighty-two.

Michael Gorman, of Hartford, U.S., recently made an attempt to fast forty days: unhappily, he became insane on the twenty-first day, and is now an inmate of the local lunatic asylum.

Another Sad Story of the Thames.—On Monday, Mr. A. Braxton Hicks opened an inquest at Batterses, concerning the death of Henry Gibbs, aged thirty-five years, lately residing in Eyot-gardens, Chiswick, who was found dead in the Thames on May 7. It appeared that he had ceased had been living with a melancholy drowned herself while in a melancholy state. jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity.

GROUP OF ARABS AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

To CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER!
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER!
THAT'S THE RUB FOR ME, MISTER!
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Sprains.
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THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Great Ambition

of the proprietor of a running or cycling path is to have short times made upon it. However much may depend upon the runner or rider, it is quite certain that the making of records cannot now be done on anything but a perfect path. I well remember the Crystal Palace and the Surbiton tracks in the time of

The Late H. L. Cortis,

who was the first to cover twenty miles in the hour on a cycle. He performed the feat, first of all, at the Crystal Palace, and the Sydenham people were delighted; but very soon afterwards Cortis repeated the performance, only in still faster time, at Surbiton, and there made what was then the one-mile record of all-out. I remember, too, with what haste William Woodall, then "cossing" the London Athletic Club, made for Surbiton with a

Measuring Chain,

only to find his suspicions of a short course to be without foundation. The Surbiton track was not very carefully measured, but at short intervals white blocks were let in all the way round, so that no question of marks could afterwards take place. The Surbiton ground is now no longer available, the Local Board, with scant consideration for the athletic needs of its neighbourhood, having built right across the

The New Paddington Path,

however, seems to have supplied its place, so far as the surface of track is concerned, and on Saturday some very fast riding was seen upon it. The occasion was the annual meeting of the

Stanley Cycle Club.

This is a club which is entitled to the consideration of all cyclists, for it originated the famous cycle show being its name, which is so popular. This is one of a good balance at the bank, the club, instead of having to add to it, generously resolved to devote Saturday's profits to the funds of the

Great Northern Hospital.

It was, therefore, with pleasure that I saw many hundreds present at Paddington. There was a very fine afternoon's cycling, too long, programme, and, however the anticipations were of fine racing, they were more than fulfilled by the result.

In F. P. Wood, Brixton B.C., and F. J. Osmond, Norwood Safety B.C.,

we had the two fastest riders in London, and the start of these two racing from scratch in the one-third of a mile ordinary handicap was one for the gods. As you can imagine, the "loading" game in a handicap of this kind, at Paddington, was put into practice all the way. Osmond was

Going for the Record,

and, not changed his mind and waited on Wood during the last lap, with the result that Wood, accelerating better time than was expected of him—2 min. 33 1-5 sec.—just managed to keep in front, and win by a foot. A. Whitlock, Speedwell B.C., with 30 yards start, was but eighteen inches behind Osmond, the finish between the leading quintet being a very fine one. Osmond won the half-mile handicap in 1 min. 17 2-5 sec., F. J. Barcher, Catford B.C., being beaten by only a yard. But it was

Mile Safety Handicap

that the most notable performance was done, E. Tarbuck, from scratch, covering his half-mile in 1 min. 15 sec., three quarters in 1 min. 54 2-5 sec., and the full mile in

2 min. 34 4-5 sec.,

all of these being records for Safety bicycles. When I point out that the mile record for ordinary bicycles is Osmond's 2 min. 31 4-5 sec., it will be seen how very fine the Safety riders are approaching the big-wheel record of time. Personally, I am quite prepared to see the Safety records take the lead at no great distance of time. Leitch's performance is about a second and a half faster than the previous best, which of the profession will soon place the Safeties ahead for C.C., being beaten by only a yard. But it was very interesting, too, was the presence of a

Dutch and French Contingent,

who patronised the tricycle-race. Scheltema Beduin, with every representative, won the mile handicap from scratch, with 200 yards start; Dervil, of Paris, being third, after being handicapped where he was placed at his own request; and by giving him some start. In my time, I was of the opinion that the handicapper would have made a better race of it by crediting him with more than he was credited to allow the handicapper to know what he (knew) more about my form than I did myself, and I recommend all athletes to follow the same course, especially with an observant man like H. H. Griffin making the handicaps.

Cricket.

The Talk of England

is, of course, the victory of the Australians over Lord Sheffield's eleven, which was nearly good enough to beat England. "Nothing is more certain than the unexpected" was again proved a wise saying, for Lord Sheffield could have anticipated that a batting combination including W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, W. Gunn, Read, and Shrewsbury, Lohmann, Peel and Briggs would be dismissed, by the finest team in the world even, for the miserable total of 53. Australian bowlers cannot do a bad wicket can, and the Englishmen had the most difficult of all wickets, a rapidly drying one, to bat upon. If all had been half as well as sturdy old "W. G.," the score would have been a respectable one, for the great batsman made 20 which was equal to a four times better score made on a perfect wicket. Between them, therefore, the other ten batsmen made

Seven Runs!

Fancy going out with "duck's eggs" placed opposite the name. With the ball doing unheard-of things in the way of twisting and breaking, no one could be expected to make much of a score, but seven runs between ten batsmen will take some beating in a first-class match. The second innings was better, but reached only 130, so the Australians won their opening match by an innings and 34 runs. Had they had the bad luck to lose the toss they would not have won at all, such is the

Glorious Uncertainty

of cricket. Ferris took twelve wickets in the two innings and Turner six, though the most runs were made off Ferris's bowling. Ferris is very well suited by a "sticky" wicket, much more so than by a hard one, as his poor success of late in Australia shows. The Australian captain, W. L. Murdoch, would undoubtedly have made a century at his first attempt, but Saturday's wicket was as fatal to him as to anyone else, for he added but one run to his Thursday's score of ninety-two before being

Clean Bowled.

Granted the great disparity between the condition of the wicket on Thursday and on Saturday, every credit must be given to the bowlers, Turner and Ferris, for being able to take such advantage of it.

The Energetic Surrey Cricket Club

were appropriately the first to open the cricket season in the metropolis, the match being versus Hampshire, whom they naturally enough defeated—more easily than they would have done had the Rev. R. Bencraft been in the splendid form he was last season. Connected with the Surrey C.C. are some worldwide-known personages who are useful in other ways than by actually playing. Take, for instance, Mr. C. W. Alcock, the secretary; W. W. Read, the assistant secretary; Dr. Jones; and that pleasant "Old Buffer" Fred Gale, caught by our Artist in the act of watching the play from his usual coign of vantage "Behind the Wicket."

The Lawn-Tennis Season

was fairly opened last week by the tour of the Lancashire county team, who played Cambridge and Oxford Universities and Chiswick Park. The Chiswick Park team contained E. W. Lewis, who, however, was beaten in the doubles, his partner, Chipp, playing very badly. Chiswick Park won easily enough, notwithstanding, by ten matches to five. Grass is as yet quite unfit for play, and clubs will do well to take their posts and nets away until the ground is quite hard.

More Harm

is done by a few hours' premature play than weeks of it when the turf is in good order.

Mr. Fiske Warren, the amateur tennis champion of America, was not good enough for Mr. E. B. Curtis, who holds the second prize of the English Championship, and who defeated Mr. Warren on Saturday by three sets to love. Petitit, the professional champion of the world, was playing a

Very Powerful

game on Saturday against P. Latham, to whom he gave fifteen and a very easy beating. He and Saunders are sure to play an exciting match when they meet at Dublin in Whitsun week for the championship.

BANSHEE.

"The Racing World" is given on page 314.

LONDON LAUNDRESSES.

London owes a debt of gratitude to its laundresses, whose services to the public were pleasantly recognised at the commencement of this "Merry month of May." On the 3rd inst. the members of the Amalgamated Society of Laundresses and General Working Women met at the Dawes-road Lecture Hall, Fulham, and received from Messrs. Lever Brothers, manufacturers of the "Sunlight" soap, a handsome banner for the use of the society. This banner is here photographed. Mrs. W. H. Lever made the presentation in an apt and graceful speech, and was cordially thanked for the acceptable gift; and Mr. Lever, as a soapmaker, wished the laundresses' union all success, and presented the society with ten pounds. That's the way to let "sunlight" into any institution—or any individual either, for the matter of that.

A Sad Story of Semi-starvation was related to the Westminster magistrate on Saturday, when a poorly clad woman, carrying a baby in her arms, was charged with stealing a tablecloth, a blanket, and a couple of towels from a furnished room at Chelsea. The articles had been pawned for food, and the woman said she had fasted four days when she stole them. She was bound over to appear if called upon.

DR. BRIDGE.

Dr. J. Frederick Bridge, the new Gresham Lecturer, who succeeds the late Dr. Wylde, is a composer and musician who has already done good service to English music, and who will probably rise to a much higher position as a composer of sacred music. He is a native of Oldbury, in Worcestershire, where he was born in 1844. After being educated at the Cathedral School, Rochester, Dr. Bridge became a pupil of Sir John Goss, and gained the appointment of organist to Manchester Cathedral in 1869; and in 1872 he became Professor of Harmony at Owens College, now Victoria University. A more important appointment was that of organist to Westminster Abbey, in 1875. Here the abilities of Dr. Bridge have been brought prominently forward, and he has become a very popular, as well as distinguished, musician. In 1883 he became principal professor of counterpoint at the Royal College of Music, and his sacred works have gained him the esteem of the musical world and the good opinions of foreign critics.

MR. BANCROFT.

The popular actor has lately appeared in a new character, that of theatrical arbitrator. Disputes so often occur in the world behind the scenes, which is not quite the fairyland some might suppose, that it is well to have so experienced and impartial a gentleman to decide these difficulties. Recently Mr. Bancroft had the delicate mission of intervening between Mrs. Langtry and a dramatic author, and, although he was not able to yield to the fair antagonist, we believe his verdict was acquiesced in. Mr. Bancroft was born in London, May 14, 1841, and it was at Birmingham that he first appeared as an actor in 1861. Few are aware that his earlier experiences were in Shaksperean characters with the late Mr. Charles Kean and Mr. G. V. Brooke. In the provinces, too, he played all kinds of characters in domestic drama. His first London engagement was at the old Prince of Wales's, April 15, 1865. The theatre was then under the management of Mr. Byron and Miss Marie Wilton. Mr. Bancroft was fortunate in being the creator of several of the most interesting and characteristic figures in Robertson's plays. In "Society" he played Sydney Daryl, and then Tom Stylus. In "Ours" he was seen as Angus McAlister, and in "Caste" his representation of Captain Hawtree has been accepted as the model of all who have played the character. In "School" he was the original Jack Poyntz, one of his most effective characters. He married Miss Marie Wilton in 1867, and the accomplished pair have had a brilliant career in a great variety of characters, from Triplet to Joseph Surface, and from Count Orloff to Dazzle in "London Assurance." One of his finest parts is that which he has recently been playing at the Lyceum, the Abbé Dubois in "The Dead Heart." Mr. Bancroft has seldom done anything better.

Frascuelo, the favourite bull-fighter of the Madrileños, last Sunday took leave of the national sport in the Madrid bull-ring.

The "Tally Ho!" Coach is now being driven by Mr. Peter J. Rumney (all the better for his coaching tour to Edinburgh and back) from the famed Mitre at Hampton Court to Boxhill and back; passing through delightful country, looking its best this May. The Tally Ho! leaves the Mitre at ten minutes past eleven in the morning; reaches the Royal Bear at Esher, 11.35 a.m.; the Swan, Leatherhead, 12.35; and Burford Bridge Hotel at 1; returning thence at 3.15 p.m.

If Men feel Weak and Nervous they should wear Harness' Electropathic Belt. It is guaranteed to generate a mild, invigorating, continuous Electric current without producing any shock or discomfort whatever. It will effectually restore impaired vitality, strengthen the nerves and muscles, and speedily promote the strength of the entire frame. It has restored thousands to health and vigour after all other remedies (so called) have failed. This is not a rash statement, but is founded on actual fact. For particulars, book of testimonials, or consultation apply at once to The Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (the largest Medico-Electric Institute in the world). Pamphlet and consultation free personally or by letter.—[Advt.]

BANNER PRESENTED BY MESSRS. LEVER TO THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF LAUNDRESSES.

Answers.—Cassell's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and highly concentrated form, admirable nutritive qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 185, Euston-road, London.—[Advt.]

PRETTY DÉBUTANTES AT THE QUEEN'S DRAWINGROOM.

HER MAJESTY contributes her share to the attractiveness of London in May. The Drawing-rooms the Queen holds at Buckingham Palace not only brighten our streets with dazzling chariotfuls of charming débutantes and proud chaperons, and delight the "Upper Ten Thousand" with a welcome spice of Court festivities, but these seasonable functions also briskly circulate money among all classes, employing, as they do, the fashionable modistes and drapers, haberdashers and hosiers, jewellers and florists. The florists added materially to the beauty of the Queen's Drawingroom on May 9, when real roses adorned several dresses. Among the most handsome Peeresses were the Duchess of Westminster, whose old Mechlin lace was lovely, and the Duchess of Portland, whose brocade dress of old pink roses on a cream ground was much admired. Notable among the fair English girls presented to her Majesty for the first time were the pretty daughters of Mr. Edmund Routledge.

Her Majesty wore at this first May Drawing-room a train and bodice of striped black broché and watered silk, trimmed with passementerie and jet embroidery over a black watered silk skirt trimmed with passementerie; a white tulle veil surmounted by a coronet of diamonds, a necklace of large diamonds, the Koh-i-Noor as a brooch, the Ribbon and Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and Royal Red Cross.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of an exquisite shade of poppy-coloured brocade trimmed volante, or magnificent Brussels p looped with bunches of poppies, corsag correspond, train of the same brocade, satin of the same shade. Headdress—a tiar diamonds, feathers, and veil. Ornaments—p and diamonds, and Orders.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein a dress and train of rich dove-coloured brocade, the train and bodice richly trim with Honiton lace. Ornaments—tiara and n lace of turquoise and diamonds, and Orders.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

What are we going to talk about this week? What do you all like best, I wonder? Chit-chat sermonettes upon—well, I suppose some not any more important subjects, because are all-important. So I will hold back what I have to say about the fashions as a suitable dessert follows the meal. By the way, I wonder if any of you have got that little book I mentioned last week, "The Greatest Thing in the World," and have found out what it is? In that other book I quoted from, "High School Lectures," there is, I find, a very important chapter on

"Manners."

I think a great many people think far too little of "manners." The saying "Manners maketh the man" is often quoted, but apparently not believed in, or else people do not know what their own manners are good or bad. It seems to me so easy to be courteous and sympathetic. "Never," says Miss Hewett in her admirable lecture—"never affect to despise the trifles of formality. Little polite attentions, small courtesies, as the right spirit can be put into them, have their value still remaining, and need not be slighted. It is all very well to talk of

Rough Diamonds,

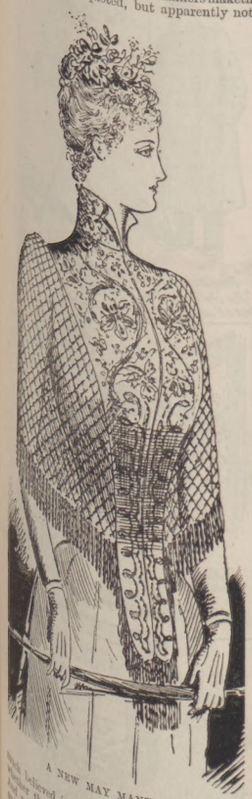
but, after all, we prefer them cut and polished." Some time ago it was said, in an article in one of our leading newspapers, that "the high schools and colleges and the boarding-schools for ladies" "female" a most objectionable word. "Lady" does not altogether please me. "Woman," to either, and

"Gentlewoman"

is the highest title of all, because it embodies all that a lady can aspire to. Again, Miss Hewett has her definition of good manners and I cannot improve upon it—"Good manners appear to consist in always doing things in the most graceful way possible, and saying them in the most pleasing form. They should flow from kindness of heart, respect for the rights of others, and consideration for one's self." There it is! That is the true definition of unselfish or kind-hearted person all over. "No matter how trivial the act may be, the only entering a room, or handing a chair, you will find there are, at least, two ways of doing it—one graceful and awkward, the other ungainly. . . . one is someone else's own case surprised and hurt to be taken at something which we declare

'Only My Manner.'

By our manner we hurt people unintentionally. The effect to them is the same, if the wrong is not also as great, as if we had brought it on. I am sorry to say a great many people keep their good manners for company use, and bad for home use. There ought to be no such thing as



A NEW MAY MANTLE.

MRS. LANGTRY, HEROINE OF MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S NEW PLAY OF "ESTHER SANDRAZ."—SEE "THESPIS."

From a Photograph by Sarony, of Scarborough.

Company Manners.

It is to me positively sickening to hear the affected voice and to note the unreal manner with which some people greet strangers or mere acquaintances. You can tell at once that they are merely acting, and, genuine courtesy being so foreign to their nature and so little practised by them in general, when they want to be pleasant and agreeable they become stiff and unnatural. How rarely do we see brothers as nice to their own sisters as they are to the sisters of other men! And the same may be said of the "girls." They will take ever so much trouble to please the brothers of other women, but very little indeed, if any, to please their own. The same remarks apply also to husbands and wives. How rarely does the modern husband pay his wife any of those little attentions which seem to come so easily from him to other women! Think of one of the greatest men England has seen for many a day—Carlyle. His wife was one of the brightest and most brilliant of women, and, like all women of intellect, who are true women at heart, she had a craving for love and sympathy, and for constant demonstrations of them. Kindly, loving words were worth more to her than a "king's ransom"; but she never heard them from the transcendent genius whom she called husband. He was fond of her; but it never occurred to the self-absorbed creature that she could want anything but the food she ate and the clothes she wore. I have no patience with such men; nor, too, with women who keep all their smiles and pretty looks for men who are not their husbands.

Now, a word or two about dress. Have you seen any of the new seamless bodices? I am told they are making them very much in Paris; but, after all, they are somewhat of a sham, as it is only the outside stuff that is seamless; the lining beneath is both boned and seamed. The pretty parasols we see in the shops this season made of frills of what is called

Chiffon Muslin,

and sometimes even of crêpe de Chine, are very elegant and graceful, but they will not wear well. The handles are much shorter than they have been for two years past.

A Pretty May Mantle,

at an inexpensive price, may be obtained, with many a cheap costume, at Messrs. Garrould's well-known establishment in the Edgware-road, where smartness is the rule, and "up to date" fashion may be relied upon. The Drawing of the jetted short mantle, reproduced by permission from the *Lady's Pictorial*, is a fair sample of the becoming article of dress ladies may purchase at this emporium. I have many other fashion cuts by me, but am compelled to postpone their publication till another occasion. It will be a pleasure to give them, as the spring fashions are, with some exceptions, delightful.

MARGUERITE.

THE RACING WORLD

Flibustier

may prove a useful second or third string to the Rothschild stables, but I fail to see quite where his great prospects, as suggested by certain writers, can lie. He is useful—perhaps more than useful—according to Sunday's defeat of Pourpoint at Paris; but I shall never believe in his being quite a front-ranker until he gives us better form on this side of the Channel.

It is, I hear, extremely unlikely that Heaume will run for our Derby. Le Nord has done well since his second in the Two Thousand Guineas, and Heaume will be better placed in his French than in English engagements, wherein Le Nord also has liabilities. Personally I think Heaume better suited to the Epsom course than Le Nord, but the latter is the stable choice, and that is sufficient tip between the pair. I hear that there will be

Trouble about the Derby Course

and the occupation or tenancy of Epsom Downs. Years ago I studied the question, and predicted that the differences between the Grand Stand Company, the lords of the manors, and the public must result in serious friction. For the sake of sport I am sorry to hear that my prophecy is being realised, and I hope that matters may be accommodated without taking the dispute into court for judicial settlement.

Surefoot grows in favour for the Derby, and his backers, or would-be backers, can no longer find bookmakers willing to accept odds of 7 to 4 on him. Before the day, and if the market does not change, I may bet many hundreds or thousands at 7 to 4 on Surefoot, but not for myself—not one penny. True it is that a Derby comes but once a year, but that is no reason why you should be bound to bet on it. We have plenty of other races—far too many, according to the Jockey Club. Surely, a judge of the sport can find better opportunity for investment than in a Derby which has a favourite at 7 to 4 on, whose position in the market is justified. If you do not back Surefoot, you are foolish. If you do back Surefoot, you are undertaking to buy money at about 120 per cent.

I am very glad to hear further favourable reports concerning Signorina. Another of the Newmarket fillies, Riviera, is in the best of good health. She wants a lot of work, and

Must Have a Lot of Work,

if Mr. Manton or Mr. Milner is to win the Oaks with her. At the same time, I may say that she looks like standing all the trainer pleases to give her.

From now to the Oaks is to a racing man a much farther cry than to the Derby. Day by day probabilities and possibilities of the one race are discussed, while the ladies' contest goes almost without notice whatever. Since John Porter came into form with Vasistas a decent second in the Chester Cup, and Sainfoin won the Chester Dee Stakes

In a Walk,

more respect has been paid to the three-year-old so recently purchased by Sir James Miller. With Surefoot out of the way, Sainfoin might have a chance, but not while the Russley big colt goes on all right. Even if Mr. A. W. Merry's hope of following his father's successes with Thormanby and Doncaster were to be wiped out, we might find something to beat Sainfoin. At the same time, when a stable is in form, no one can say where its luck will stop. Truly, the luck has been rather crooked as regards Vasistas, who was near, but not near enough to win, in the City and Suburban, Chester Cup, and Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap. Still, these partial failures all tended to show that the

Tackle at Home

was good. We have Sainfoin winning at Sandown in a canter; Amphion, who may have been second best to Sainfoin, as nearly as possible won the Jubilee Stakes; and not only did The Imp carry off that valuable prize, but another stable companion of Sainfoin's was third. So please note that the Kingsclere division must be dangerous whenever they do fancy themselves.

How did they fancy themselves on Saturday, at Kempton Park, with

The Imp, My Selection,

second favourite, and Vasistas a red-hot tip for a place! How did they fancy themselves when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales could congratulate himself and Porter on The Imp's victory and Vasistas finished third best!

What a race it was, and what a crowd witnessed the struggle! Half a dozen horses, none of them near the leader at the finish, looked very dangerous indeed up to three quarters of a mile. Ratton was one of this division, Screech Owl another, Napoleon another. For the last furlong the fight was mainly confined to The Imp, Theophilus, Vasistas, Galway, and Amphion. Amphion's weight proved just too much, Galway was hampered on the rails, The Imp had a little bit the first spurt of Theophilus, with Vasistas drawing up fast. Once Theophilus had a slight lead of The Imp, and Vasistas came tearing up at a great pace. Young Dick Chaloner on The Imp rode a most determined race, and just squeezed Sir J. Mackenzie (not of Kintoul, though near it) home by a head from Theophilus. Vasistas was third, and Galway fourth.

Goodness only knows what would have won if the luck had been a little varied—possibly Galway or Vasistas. I almost fancy that, if the race were to be run over again, we might see the judge's placings varied at the second time of asking. Still, I must not complain, for I went, in my "Racing World," for three—

First and Second, and the First Favourite.

The great, the gigantic failure of the race on Saturday was Philomel, who looked simply beautiful. Colonel North was confident, and said so. Sherwood, the trainer, was also confident. All others concerned fancied the pretty Irish mare exceedingly. She ran well for about half a mile, and then collapsed miserably.

Scarcely a less pronounced failure was Llewellyn, one of the strongest of strong jobs for a place. He got off tolerably well, but would not gallop a yard.

Mr. Singer, of sewing-machine fame or descent, purchased Tyrant after the Great Cheshire Stakes victory, which, plus the Chester Cup and the Newmarket race, meant no more than a 19-lb. penalty at York and Doncaster. Let us wish

Astonishing Luck,

as the Australians put it, to the Western owner, who has this season gone in extensively for flat-racers, and, as I believe, invested with considerable discretion. For some years he has owned jumpers which, ridden by Gregor, have landed many nice little stakes in the West of England.

As usual of late years, York's early meeting drew a big company of local folk, and plenty of the regular racing army. Perhaps it was because the course was so good that backers experienced so many reverses. In any case, it is pleasant to record that

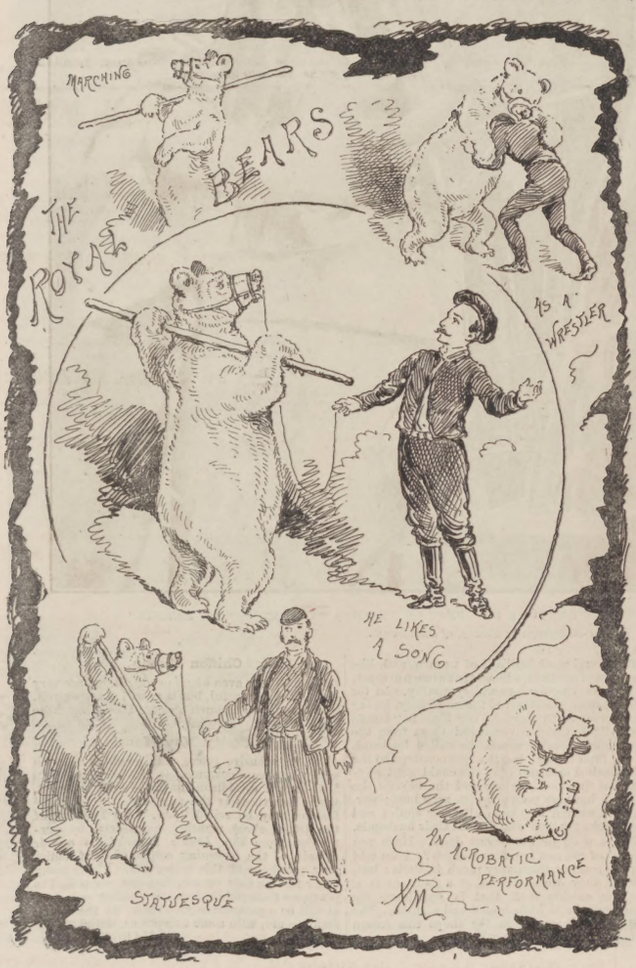
York Did Well,

and to be able to say ditto of Doncaster, the meeting always heavily handicapped by its putrid, unsanitary condition. I must defer a note or two on these, and also on Bath and Salisbury, till next week. Recently both of the Western meetings have looked up a little. We shall never return to the days when the Bath and Somerset Stakes and others still retained in the programme were affairs of national importance, but we may live to see the time when both Bath and Salisbury meetings will be raised out of the class in which they now rank.

Old Mr. Nightingall died last week. This gentleman was the father of the well-known John Nightingall, erewhile steeplechase and flat-race jockey and trainer, whose sons Willie and Arthur are at the top of the tree as steeplechase riders. Good old Mr. Nightingall was getting on for ninety years when he had to answer Adsum to the call at the muster-roll. In the last year or two the veteran's decay was rapid. Up till then he was wonderfully active. Many and many a time have we foregathered on Epsom Downs early a mornings with Mr. Nightingall on horseback superintending the work of Son John's long string of horses. Like all the family, he had a perfect seat and splendid hands, and long after he was eighty years of age could take his own part in a good old-fashioned Yorkshire gallop.

THE ROYAL BEARS.

ONE of the best-conducted Music-Halls or Variety Theatres in London is the Oxford, which, under the enterprising and careful direction of Mr. J. H. Jennings, has introduced many favourites to the public. Not the least attractive of the performers engaged by Mr. Jennings, we may be sure, will be M. Jean Barat's troupe of bears, whose recent antics before the Queen at Windsor Castle so delighted her Majesty's grandchildren. The performances of Barat's bears, indeed, before the Queen in Windsor Park, and next, by Royal command, at Windsor Castle, may be said to have made the fortune of their owner, who finds himself engaged already at two places of Variety entertainment in London, and who is reported to be making £45 a week. A *P.I.P.* Artist was present to view the first performances of Barat's Bears at the Oxford, last Monday night; and his Sketches of their evolutions may be trusted for their fidelity. With the songs of handsome Harriett Vernon, the quaint ditties and dances of Dan Leno, and the ballads of Alice Maydue, the Oxford programme is remarkably alluring.



THE QUEEN'S PERFORMING BEARS AT THE OXFORD MUSIC-HALL.

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. S. B.—If the wife were married since "The Married Women's Property Act, 1882," the furniture would be hers, provided she can clearly identify it, and that it is not in the possession or control of the husband if and when he becomes bankrupt. There should be an inventory made and signed by the husband and wife. Even then there is risk of dispute by litigious creditors. Proof of the wife's ownership would, however, be good against a sheriff or bailiff representing any one particular creditor. All this is subject to the question whether the wife was married since the Act of 1882. If she were married before that Act, questions arise as to the terms of the will and otherwise.

JUS.—If "A" legally assigns to "B," and there be no covenant to the contrary in the lease, "B" can assign to "C," and, after the date of the assignment, "B" would cease to be responsible for future rent.

HARDMAN.—The form of I O U given on the first page of your letter is good. The receipt is unnecessary, but if given should be stamped.

"VERRE."—If a boy go by and break a pane of glass, the tenant, unless he is under a general obligation to reinstate, is not responsible for the damage, nor can he compel the landlord to reinstate the glass, unless he has agreed to do so. So, until one of the parties will yield, the window must remain out. Of course, if the Sanitary Inspector can be persuaded that the premises are in such a state as to constitute a nuisance injurious to health, possibly the local authority may enforce the reinstatement of the glass by the landlord.

P. G. U. asks a question concerning the distribution of money under a will between the grandchildren of a legatee, married women, and others. It is quite impossible to form any opinion upon this subject without reference to the terms of the will, which was made over thirty years since, and therefore probably raises questions as to the law prior to "The Married Women's Property Act, 1882." All that can be said here is that if any married woman, without a settlement, is absolutely entitled to money and dies before she receives it, her husband, upon obtaining Letters of Administration to her estate, is generally entitled to receive the money. Of course, if the money were contingent upon her surviving a certain person, or attaining a certain age, then, if the contingency did not happen, the payment of the money would not be claimed.

C. W.—(1) In this case the two daughters will probably take jointly as coheiresses, subject to the possible right of the brother to dower—i.e. to a life interest in a third of the property. (2) We cannot undertake to advise as to American law. The question also is very vague. If you know the State in which the property is situate you had better write some lawyer out there.

A. B. cannot through a lapse of two years repudiate liability, as it would take at least six years to bar this claim.

ARCHER.—In the case referred to, "A" cannot safely sue "Z" for the debt.

LEX.

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An intelligent housewife will have no difficulty in understanding the very easy directions for using "SUNLIGHT" SOAP.

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An honourable housewife would scorn to do so mean a thing as not to give a free Sample of "SUNLIGHT" SOAP a fair trial.

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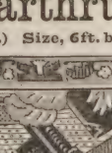

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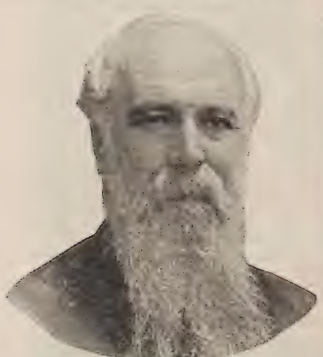
LIVERPOOL.—No. IV.

THE "SECOND CITY OF THE EMPIRE."

BY A RESIDENT.

A City that has Risen

so rapidly as Liverpool has naturally received accretions to its population from many sources. It is the chief city in Lancashire; but a very large proportion of its people are not natives of the county. When the obituary notice of some eminent citizen comes to be written, it is generally found that he came to Liverpool a young man, perhaps a child brought here by his father, and that with the progress of the port he also progressed, and by ability of some specific kind above his fellows rose in wealth and social dignity, and attained to high local honour.



THE RIGHT REV. DR. RYLE,
BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell, 31, Bold-st., Liverpool; and 32, Victoria-st., Manchester.

Liverpool, in fact, is in Lancashire, but is not in any particular degree of it. It has no dialect. There is none of that "county" feeling that always gives its tone to an old-fashioned county town, none of that mellow gentility that is associated with the traditions of genteel, as distinguished from aristocratic, families that have lived in the same place for generations, and which pervades such old cities as Chester and York.

Liverpool Society

is brisk, pushing, highly cultured, thoroughly up to date, with an eye always well open to the "main chance." In national affairs it is Imperial; in local matters, intensely local.

To a very large extent the Townhall is a social and political, as well as a municipal, centre of Liverpool life. There is a nice gradation of social rank which is rather scrupulously regarded. Tradesmen, even though they be men of high attainments and great wealth, do not easily find their way to the mayoral chair: if they are of the right political colour, they may hope, by faithfully serving their party, to attain to aldermanic honour. Party strife, it is to be feared, has had a deteriorating influence upon the *personnel* of the Council. In the "good old days" the Lords of Knowsley used to sit in

The Mayoral Chair.

Now the great shipowners and men of high standing in local county society do not think a seat in the Council Chamber worth fighting for. Perhaps this has something to do with the jealousy with which the merchants and shipowners, the brokers, lawyers, and other professional men who are in the Council guard their position. In selecting the Mayor regard is always had to the manner in which he may be expected to discharge the social functions of his office. Liverpool likes to have distinguished visitors gracefully received and entertained with courteous liberality, and also expects local society to be received and banqueted at the Townhall. When Sir Andrew Walker was Mayor he dispensed hospitality with such profusion that men of ordinary wealth hesitated to follow him. It required a strong man, like Mr. A. B. Forwood, to bring the Townhall expenditure back again to within reasonable limits. In recent years a better fashion has begun to rule. The elite are still the favourites at the

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THE SCULPTOR.—BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.—BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

TWO BEAUTIFUL PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

municipal mansion, but the reception-rooms have also been opened to representatives of the working classes, and at Christmas the Mayor's hospitality to old people necessitates the employment of St. George's Hall for their entertainment. The present Mayor,

Mr. Thomas Hughes,

is admirably maintaining the traditions of his office, and is fortunate in having by his side a wife who discharges the delicate duties devolving upon the Mayoress with becoming dignity and geniality. Mr. Thomas Hughes is a man of decided views and strong opinions. He has worked very vigorously in promoting the sanitary improvement of the city, the removal of dilapidated property, and the erection of modern dwellings for the poor, and has shown himself quite capable of taking a line of his own, though it may not have the entire approval of his party. The Mayoral office will assuredly not suffer loss of dignity at his hands.

It has often been said that Englishmen who settle in Ireland soon become Irish: strangers who come to Liverpool all become Liverpudlians. This is all the more remarkable, because they come from many different quarters. There are

So Many Welshmen

that Liverpool is called the capital of Wales. Some of the most prosperous merchants and shipowners are from Cumberland; Scotsmen abound; the North of Ireland is remarkably well represented; Catholic Ireland has made a portion of Liverpool its own; Greece, Germany, and France have contributed their quota; and there is a considerable number of Jews.

The mixed character of the population is

Reflected in Religion.

There are two Bishops—a Protestant and a Catholic. The Baptists revere the memory of the late Hugh Stowell Brown, whose statue has recently been placed in front of the church wherein he so long preached. The late Dr. Beard ministered to a particularly intellectual and wealthy congregation of Unitarians. Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians are also numerically strong; and there is a Greek church and a Jewish synagogue.

The Church in Liverpool

was greatly influenced by the late Dr. Hugh McNeile, who gave to it a strong Evangelical flavour, in striking contrast to the High Churchism of the Rev. J. Bell Cox and of two or three other upholders of advanced Ritualism. To rule over a diocese containing such diverse elements, and, unfortunately, not having within itself any great leaven of broad and liberal-minded Churchmen, though these, of course, are not absent, is a difficult task. It says much for

Dr. Ryle

that he has done this for ten years without provoking any serious discord. Himself a Churchman of the Evangelical type, he has taken a broad view of the responsibilities of his position, and has recognised that the Church of England is a comprehensive body that cannot safely narrow itself down to the ideas of any particular school.

Education in Liverpool.

Amid such a population, if anywhere, it might have been supposed that the education question would have presented awkward difficulties, but such has not been the case. When first a School Board had to be formed, an amicable arrangement was come to by which a contest was avoided, and good sense has since kept the peace, except among Churchmen, who have recently witnessed some rivalry between the Orange and the High Church parties. Much of the friendly feeling that has prevailed was due to the moderating influence of the late Mr. Christopher Bushell, who with other earnest men of philanthropic mould organised a Council of Education that has supplemented the work of the School Board by promoting regularity of attendance, and, through the bestowal of scholarships, drafting promising children from the elementary into the secondary schools. The great middle-class schools are the Liverpool Institute, Liverpool College, and the Royal Institution, and recently the educational institutions of Liverpool have been completed by the formation of University College—one of the colleges of Victoria University, Manchester. In nothing has the

Public Spirit of Liverpool

men been more notably evinced than in the creation of University College. The scheme was sketched out in an imaginary dream by the late Bishop Lightfoot, at one of the meetings of the Council of Education, and forthwith over £100,000 was subscribed, professorial chairs were endowed, and in a few years the new college was in full operation. The old Royal Infirmary has been appropriated as its centre, acres of college buildings are almost completed, a new Royal Infirmary on an immense scale, with all modern improvements, has been built, and, at the sole cost of Sir Andrew Walker, engineering laboratories have been provided, which surpass in completeness of equipment any other institution of the kind in the country.

W. WETHERELL.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES.

THE keynote, of exquisite beauty, struck by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., in his painting of "The Bath of Psyche" is well sustained by many a favourite artist in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition. But few have contrived to delight the eye so much as Mr. John Pettie, R.A., has done in his charming picture of "The world went very well then" (No. 302 in the catalogue). This gem, a sketch of which is printed above, recalls the golden age "when all the world was young," and few pleasures in life rivalled a stroll in a country lane with a pretty maid in the sweet month of lilac and may, of laburnum and chestnut blossoms. The piquant coquetry of the pair of bewitching girls in Dolly Varden costumes, and the timidity of the bashful swain, are admirably represented by Mr. Pettie, who will render many thousands of visitors to the Academy momentarily happy, besides giving them a most agreeable mind-picture to store up in their memories.

Neither Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., nor any other living English sculptor of mark is exactly recalled by the fine painting of Mr. J. B. Burgess, R.A., we have sketched. But the foreign artist who is powerfully portrayed in Mr. Burgess's painting of "The Sculptor" (No. 270 in the Exhibition) seasonably reminds us that the art of which he is evidently a master is comparatively neglected in this country. A hint to millionaires to give any number of commissions to Mr. Birch and his sculptor colleagues.

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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD'S: WADDESDON MANOR, NEAR AYLESBURY.—[SEE "HOW THE WORLD WAGS."]

CYCLE & CAMERA

WHOEVER has a free afternoon to-day (Saturday) cannot do better than spend it at the Paddington Recreation Grounds. It is too late to enter for the races of the Catford Festival, but not too late to see them, and there promises to be rare sport. I can hardly think there is likely to be much loafing in the return match between the Catford and Polytechnic men. It will be one of the races of the season.

I spent a pleasant half-hour the other day in the rooms of the Camera Club, looking at Mrs. Cameron's photographs, the exhibition of which I have already announced. They are immensely interesting, and nothing could be more artistic than her heads of Carlyle, Sir John Herschell, and Tennyson. It is almost impossible to believe that such effects of light and shadow, such strong expression of character, could be produced by mechanical means. Of course, for the cyclist, whose camera is really a part of his cycle, and who seldom uses it save out of doors, such results are quite out of the question. But still, whoever has had enough experience in photography to realise its difficulties as well as its possibilities, cannot but study the work of such an artist as Mrs. Cameron with much interest and profit.

There could not be a more delightful afternoon's run just now than out to Bushey, always at its very best in May, when the horse-chestnuts are in flower. And close by is Hampton Court, where in the gardens and galleries you can take that one-mile walk which Dr. Richardson recommends for every eight of riding. And if it be Sunday afternoon you can, with profit to yourself, take your rest before starting back for town, lounging on the banks by Moulsey Lock, the prettiest and gayest spot to be found for miles around London. The most enthusiastic rider must admit that the river man in his boat on a summer day is a more beautiful object to look upon than the hot and dusty cyclist on his wheel.

As usual, there is a big programme for the Whitsuntide holidays. Many of the principal races are at Plymouth, Southampton, Brighton, Bournemouth, Exeter, and Guildford, within easy reach of London, giving an excuse for a little tour to those towns, and in several cases to the coast for a breath of sea air. To those who cannot afford the time to go far, I would recommend the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Club at Guildford. Mixed handicaps are announced, as well as others for ordinaries only and safeties only. Guildford is a delightfully picturesque old town, and there is no use to dwell upon the excellence and beauty of the Ripley road.

The Southwark Cycling Club proceed on wheels for a Whitsuntide holiday to the South Coast, where the Royal Horticultural Society of Southampton offer the attractions of a Spring Flower Show and a Cycle Tournament, at the beautiful grounds in Westwood Park, Southampton. This fête will take place on Bank Holiday, May 26, the racing part of the programme being carried out by the Southampton Cycling Club and the Southwark Cycling Club, which has a capital hon. sec. with an organising faculty in Mr. H. D. Gillings, to whom entries may be sent, to 12, Albert-street, St. George's-road, Peckham, S.E.

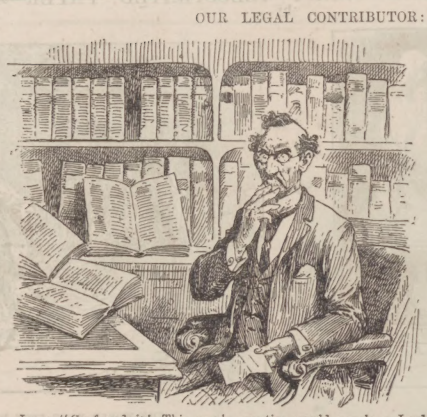
A lovely little tour for those to whom races are no special attraction would be through the south-west to Gloucester, where the cathedral with its old Norman nave is one of the most impressive in England; to Bath, a town about which I have already written once or twice; to Wells, the quaint little cathedral town at the foot of the Mendip Hills, where the Bishop's Palace still has its great brick battlemented wall, its moat and drawbridge, and where the cathedral buildings retain more of the old mediæval character than any others I have seen in this country. From Wells, one could get back to London by way of Winchester, or else follow a more direct route. By the help of a good map one could easily plan this journey, or members of the C.T.C. could obtain the necessary information from the consuls in the counties through which they would pass.

For those who stay at home there will be the opening of the Great National Athletic Grounds at Kensal Rise on Whit Monday, when there will be the five-miles bicycle scratch race for the International Challenge Shield, now held by F. P. Wood; and the two-mile safety bicycle race for the twenty guineas Challenge Cup. There will be also safety and tricycle and mixed handicaps, and plenty of sport for lookers-on as well as for racing men.

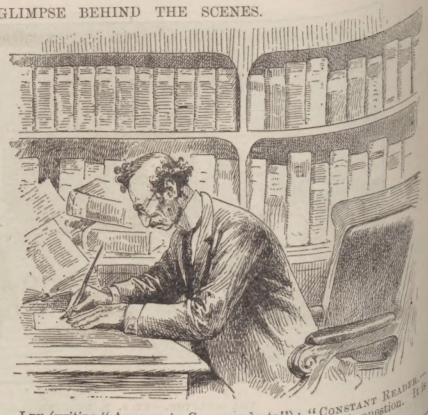
N. C. U.

THE AUROPHONE.—THE DEAF MAY HEAR.—The Aurophone is a new scientific invention of an invisible apparatus to be worn in the ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by anyone, and will almost invariably restore hearing to anyone not stone deaf. It can be tested, absolutely free of cost, at the AUROPHONE CO.'s ROOMS, 39, Baker-street, London. Pamphlet sent free and post paid.—[ADVT.

OUR LEGAL CONTRIBUTOR: A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.



LEX: "Confound it! This man's question would puzzle a Lord Chancellor. These authorities all differ about it. I'll have to give him a bluff."



LEX (writing "Answers to Correspondents"): "CONSTANT READER.—We cannot waste valuable space in replying to your puerile question. It is one that every schoolboy should be able to answer."

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"BREVITY is the soul of wit."

"Perhaps. But I assure you there is very little fun in being short."

A.: "Come, now, you must own that you have gone partially mad on the score of gymnastics."

B.: "Mad? Why, gymnastics mean health, long life."

A.: "That may be, but the fact is our forefathers knew nothing of gymnastics, and"—

B.: "And they are dead, every man jack of them."

"You see," said the young man who was applying for a position, "the trouble with so many men is that they lose their nerve. Now, I never do that."

"That's so, a great many men lose their nerve."

"They do, assuredly."

"And it strikes me that you must have been following these unfortunates around picking up what they lost."

"THIS is about the time of the year," says Mrs. Watts to her neighbour, "that the fishing fever strikes my husband. If he can get out on the banks of some creek and catch two or three little perches in the course of an afternoon, he is perfectly happy."

"Indeed? So he is fond of fishing, then, is he?"

"Fond of fishing? Why, that man is a positive anglomaniac."

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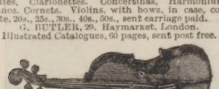

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DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; large Silver Brooch, 1od.; Imitation Diamond Earrings, 1od.; Horseshoe Scarf Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gent's Hall-marked Albert, 6s. 6d. All genuine Silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 5s.; also Gold Jewellery, Electro-Plate, and Cutlery. Every Pattern Illustrated. SEND POSTCARD FOR CATALOGUE.

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500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, 5 variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

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150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £5 5s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

BROOME'S MUSIC

2d. Each POST FREE

No.
42. Call me back again.
153. Little Brown Jug.
253. Starlight Nell.
267. Then you'll remember me.
403. Only to see her face again.
410. Who's that calling so sweet
411. Somethat reached my heart
421. Dutch Clockman.
423. Pretty Pond Lilies.
424. Pretty Pond Lilies (Waltz)
298. White Wings.
428. White Wings (Waltz).

List contains 431 Songs, Pieces, Dance Music, &c.

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THEY HAVE THE

SIMPLEST SHUTTLE, SHORTEST NEEDLE, BEST STITCH ADJUSTMENT

MOST PERFECT TENSION, ARE NOISELESS, and MAKE the PRETTIEST STITCH.

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MARAVILLA. HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.

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It also destroys

MICE, ROACHES, BUFFALO BUGS, BEETLES, BED BUGS, FLIES, WATER BUGS, CROTON BUGS, MOTH, INSECTS, HEN LICE, POTATO BUGS, SPARROWS, RABBITS, SQUIRRELS, CHIPMUNKS, COPHERS, CATS.

7½d. and 1s. Boxes, at Chemists' only.

Special Directions for Bed Bugs, Flies, Moth, Hen Lice, Sparrows, &c., with boxes.

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Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Canal, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town and Suburbs by our own van daily.

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LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 6d., 3s. 10d., and 6s. P.O. preferred. T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

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American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

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Fifteen inches long, silver-plated, goes at enormous speed, metal boiler, powerful oscillating cylinder, fly-wheel, three-blade propeller, rudder, steam-pipe, and furnace complete. Carriage free, 3s.; larger ditto, 20in., 5s.; cheap ditto, 9in., not plated, and working with fan and fly-wheel, 1s. 9d. Also the VERTICAL MODEL STEAM-ENGINE, large metal boiler, brass fly-wheel, manhole, tripod stand and furnace, works one hour each time, 1s. 3d. The KENSINGTON STEAM DANCING NIGGER, with engine complete, 1s. 3d.

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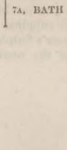

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LADIES BUYING EITHER DUST CLOAKS OR WATERPROOFS

Should accept only those which are treated by the PATENT

Cravenette Process

It is the best in the market, superseding all others.

CLOAKS, thus treated, are Rain Repellent, Hygienic, and Inodorous. They have all the advantages without the objectionable features of macintosh and other proofs. No Lady should be without one.

These Cloaks are the only ones which stood satisfactorily the exceptionally heavy rains of 1888.

The CRAVENETTE process is the only proof which stands successfully the Heavy Rain, and is pronounced by the thinking public to be the only Reliable and really Hygienic proof in the market. All the leading journals are unanimous in its praise.

The unique advantage of the CRAVENETTE system is that every fibre of the material treated by it being completely permeated by the proofing agent, the fabric, while rendered permanently Rain-Repellent, retains its former porous qualities, and admits of the natural and perfect Ventilation.

The most delicate Silks, Fancy Dust Cloaks, Cloths, and the regular Imperial Cloths are all successfully treated in the piece (before making up) **without in any way altering their appearance** or handle.

Every Draper keeps the Cravenette Proofed Cloaks. *Ladies, see that the stamp "Cravenette," or the ticket, is on each Cloak, to imitate which is a forgery.*

CAUTION.—India Rubber Waterproofs, however treated, are always objectionable on account of the smell. Cravenette proofed goods are Inodorous.

LADIES finding any difficulty in obtaining the Cravenette Cloaks should apply to THE CRAVENETTE COMPANY, Limited, Patentees and Sole Proprietors, Moss Street, Bradford, Yorkshire, who will gladly forward name of nearest agent.

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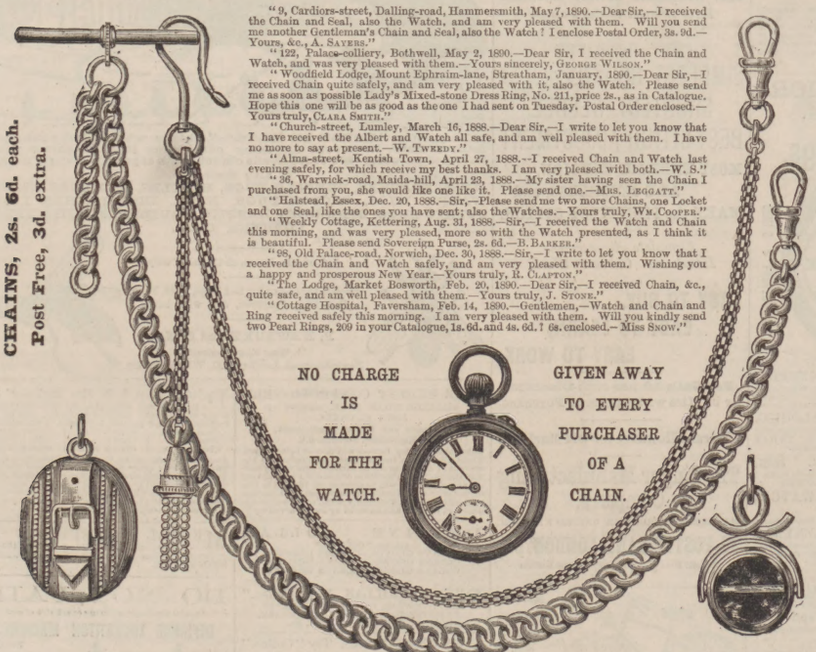
2/6 each! EGYPTIAN GOLD CHAINS! 2/6 each!

In order to introduce our **Egyptian Gold Jewellery** to the notice of the Readers of this Journal, we intend **Presenting a Watch,** as shown in engraving, to every Purchaser of one of our **Gold Chains,** which for wear and appearance equals one costing £10. We are daily receiving hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Intending purchasers should **Send at Once** in order to secure this Wonderful **Gift.** Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of **Postal Order or Stamps for 2s. 9d.;** Two, post-free, 5s. 3d.; **Locket or Seal Charm, 1s. extra**

The great success which has attended the sale of our **Egyptian Gold Alberts** has induced others to come forward and offer an inferior article at a lower price. Do not be misled by misrepresentations; as a proof of the satisfaction given by us we print a few of the many testimonials received by us daily. Before you buy of us read what our customers say.



"9, Cardiors-street, Dalling-road, Hammersmith, May 7, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Seal, also the Watch, and am very pleased with them. Will you send me another Gentleman's Chain and Seal, also the Watch? I enclose Postal Order, 3s. 9d.—Yours, &c., A. SAYERS."

"122, Palace-colliery, Bothwell, May 2, 1890.—Dear Sir, I received the Chain and Watch, and was very pleased with them.—Yours sincerely, GEORGE WILSON."

"Woodfield Lodge, Mount Ephraim-lane, Streatham, January, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain quite safely, and am very pleased with it, also the Watch. Please send me as soon as possible Lady's Mixed-stone Dress Ring, No. 211, price 2s., as in Catalogue. Hope this one will be as good as the one I had sent on Tuesday. Postal Order enclosed.—Yours truly, CLARA SMITH."

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MRS. LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BARKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

"The Lodge, Market Bosworth, Feb. 20, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain, &c., quite safe, and am well pleased with them.—Yours truly, J. STONE."

"Cottage Hospital, Faversham, Feb. 14, 1890.—Gentlemen,—Watch and Chain and Ring received safely this morning. I am very pleased with them. Will you kindly send two Pearl Rings, 209 in your Catalogue, 1s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.? 6s. enclosed.—Miss SNOW."

EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS

The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the former making them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.

Wedding Ring.
Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
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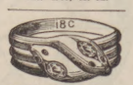

Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
Post-free, 4s. 6d.

Buckle Keeper.
Beautifully engraved. With Polished Buckle.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Engraved Keeper.
Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 50s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring.
Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

The Beatrice.
Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
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Ladies' 5-Stone Hoop Ring.
Very useful; can be worn every day; will stand wear and tear. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Pearl Dress Ring.
Very neat and handsome; having 5 real Pearls and 4 Rubies. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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A Perfect Gem. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Gent's Massive Single-Stone Brilliant Ring.
Beautiful Stone. Post-free, 2s. 6d.
Second Quality, 1s. 6d.

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"Highbury House, St. Leonards, Jan. 23, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I thank you much for the ring you sent me this morning. Your prices are indeed low, and the articles very handsome.—Yours sincerely, EDWARD J. FOSS."

"28, Dominick-street, Mullingar, Westmeath, Jan. 25, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the two rings this morning, and am very much pleased with them. All who have seen them praise them very much. I shall recommend your firm to the town. I send you herewith 3s. 9d. for chain and locket.—BERNARD REILLY."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

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TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE

ONE MILLION (1,000,000) FREE SAMPLES.

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IN response to our request to test them free of charge, upwards of 150,000 persons have already applied to us, and have been supplied with gratis and post-paid samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets; and as, as a direct result of the merits of these 150,000 samples, we are now selling 10,000 packets of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets per week, or 520,000 packets per annum, we have decided greatly to enlarge our plans, and to supply One Million (1,000,000) families with free samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. We shall also prepay the postage thereon, at a capital expenditure to ourselves (1,000,000 at 1d.) of £4166 13s. 4d. We do this because it is so palpably plain by the results that the public approve of the samples, and because we are sure, therefore, that the sale will increase in pro rata proportion as the million samples are distributed, and Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, as a natural consequence, become more extensively known.

Special to Clergymen.—We will supply clergymen of any denomination with two Packets of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, for gift to sick poor members, on receipt of written application specifically stating they are required for this purpose.

We ask for Fairplay.—Write for the samples, not merely out of curiosity nor because we offer them free of charge, but with a view to a genuine test of the merits of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets and in a spirit of fairplay.

Descriptive of Them.—Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are composed of Sulphur incorporated with Cream of Tartar and other curative ingredients. They are pleasing to the eye and pleasant to the taste. Sulphur is the oldest, best, and safest remedy for the Blood, for the Skin, for the Complexion, for Constipation, and for Rheumatism. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are much more efficacious than Sulphur and milk or treacle. This has been proved over and over again. They meet with universal approval. Those who favour them, women hail them as a boon, and all who thinuk them as nice to eat as confectionery. They benefit all, and are as efficacious and curative as they are safe and agreeable.

What They are Good For.—We strongly recommend Frazer's Sulphur Tablets in the following and curative treatment of the following complaints: Boils, Abscess, Acne (Blackheads), Fevers, Gout (Rheumatic), Eczema, Erysipelas, Fevers, Impurity of the Blood, Hemorrhoids (Piles), Impurity of the Blood, Scrofula, caused by Ulcers, Sores, Breakings-out, Scrofula, and some forms of Liver Complaint, Psoriasis, Rheumatism, Rheumatism, &c. Most of these diseases owe their origin to some morbid disease germ, or principle, or to an element in the blood. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets possess neutralising power and expel the germs or matters in the blood detrimental to health, and their antiseptic, purifying, and curative properties are of a very high order indeed. They always do good and cannot do harm.

Are they Safe for Children?—This is a question we are repeatedly asked. Our reply is, Yes. They are positively safe, curative, preventive, and purifying for children, and are the best of all the summer medicines for them. They cleanse and purify the feverish blood by allaying any inherent taint or poison. And they clear the skin from scrofulous humours, breakings-out, sore places, scrofulous sores, &c. They also gently regulate the natural functions of the body, being antiseptic, or germ-destroying. They prevent fevers, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and all infectious maladies. They are safe for the most delicate woman or child. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are guaranteed not to contain any mercury.

Test Them Free of Charge.—This is a challenge. By letter or post-card, briefly written, requesting us to do so, we will send samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets gratis and post free. Name *The Penny Illustrated Paper.* As we receive from 500 to 1,000 letters and post-cards every day, please not to ask us to send samples, as printed particulars will be sent to you with the free samples. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free, 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by all chemists, stores, and medicine-vendors. Beware of imitations. Every tablet stamped "Frazer's Sulphur Tablet." All others are spurious. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets on our reputation. Sole Proprietors, FRAZER & GRAHAM CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C., whom please address for the free samples, naming *The Penny Illustrated Paper.*